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THE
INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS
ON THE
CHARACTER, WELFARE AND DESTINY
OF
INDIVIDUALS, FAMILIES AND COMMUNITIES,
ILLUSTRATED IN A SERIES OF ANECDOTES:
WITH A PRELIMINARY ESSAY ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.

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P R E F A C E .

AMONG the exciting subjects of the present day, there is scarcely one, if indeed there be a single one, of deeper interest than that of *Materna Influence*. This influence has existed in all times past ; and, although, in particular instances, it has doubtless been fully and appropriately exerted ; yet, as a moral power, co-extensive with our race, and which might bear upon the happiness of mankind, with greater effect than most others — what has it accomplished ?

We ask not this question with respect to savage and uncivilized nations. From the depressed and degraded condition of woman among such nations, her influence must ever be small,

even with a degree of knowledge and refinement, far greater than she can be supposed to possess, in such circumstances. But one can scarcely avoid imagining, at times, what a different aspect this world would have worn, had maternal influence been exerted, under the direction of the word and Spirit of God, through the centuries which have elapsed since sin began its reign in this apostate world. What a difference would it have made in the annals of tyranny and bloodshed, had the mothers of Alexander, Cæsar, Genghis Khan, or Tamerlane, been qualified to have trained them up for God? And what rivers of blood might have been prevented — what mockings and scourgings — what tears and groans, had Nero, Domitian, and their *equally cruel* successors been nursed in the lap of maternal piety !

But, passing the unenlightened and unchristianized territories and ages of the world, and taking a survey of those countries, where the Bible has raised woman to her proper elevation, what here has maternal influence achieved?

In particular instances, it has indeed done much. By means of it, many an individual has been saved from infamy and disgrace — many a one has been trained up for usefulness, honor and heavenly glory. Many a son and daughter will form a mother's "crown of joy," in the eternal world ; and when the final disclosures shall be made of the means and methods employed, by a God of grace, to bring home his ransomed sons and daughters, it will be found that thousands and tens of thousands have a dwelling on high through the prayers, and tears, and counsels of godly mothers.

But in comparison with what this influence might have done, what has it done ?—What is it now doing? It is a lever which might raise this world to a vastly higher moral elevation, than it has yet attained. It is a power, which might hasten the emancipation of a world, still under the thralldom and bondage of sin — which might speedily convey light, and life, and joy to every habitation of cruelty on earth. Put this power in exercise, in respect to a single

generation of Christian lands — let those who are one day to fill the places of power and authority come under the influence of mothers, and those mothers be consecrated to God—let the mansions of the affluent, and the cottages of the poor, each have a mother bringing up her children in the “admonition” of the Lord—let this be true of those, who will one day occupy thrones, and who will counsel kings ; who will dispense justice from the bench ; expound the law of God from the pulpit ; and open the fountains of knowledge in the school, and the lecture-room, — and what would be the result? Is it too much to believe, that in a single score of years “the sound of the church-going-bells” would gladden the Tartar in his solitude, and cheer the spiritual pilgrim, where pass the currents of the Nile or the Ganges ?

Some such era, it is believed, will yet arrive. The sleep of the Christian world, on this momentous subject, will yet be broken. Indeed, indications are abroad, that the dawning time has already arrived. Gleams of light are be-

ginning to appear — the precursor of a bright and glorious day. Whatever tends to facilitate its approach, will doubtless be regarded with favor, however feeble and humble it may be.

The object of the present volume, it is scarcely necessary to say, is to add somewhat, if it may be, to the interest, which is beginning to be felt on this important subject. The effort is a humble one. But in the course of his reading, the author has met with various striking and interesting facts and scenes, relating to maternal influence ; and which he has here thrown together, for the purpose of showing to mothers, what mothers have done and suffered, and which mothers now living may do in similar circumstances ; and where they may find wisdom and consolation, in seasons of similar trial and difficulty. And the hope is indulged, that the perusal of the volume may prove an incentive to mothers to do “with their might,” for their children, in respect to spiritual training, “what their hands find to do,” since active maternal influence, as well as “knowledge and

wisdom and device" will soon cease "in the grave, whither they are going."

For the article on the "*Influence of Mothers*," the author is indebted to a valued friend, whose name* alone is a sufficient surety of its interest and ability. The remainder of the volume, it will be perceived, is a collection of pieces on the subject of Maternal Influence, which, in the absence of a more appropriate title he has included under the general term of "Anecdotes." He has designed to give credit, where the author could be ascertained. Some liberty has been taken in respect to the phraseology; but, in no case, has the original sense been intentionally altered. The work has less the aspect of uniformity than could be desired, but greater changes, with this object in view, were deemed inadmissible.

Mothers! what a responsibility rests upon you! — You hold a power of greater bearing, than that of earthly monarchs. The very destinies of a world are at your disposal. You are

* Rev. Royal Robbins.

at this moment cherishing the monarchs, which in future years will spread fire and sword, or peace and joy over the globe! You are cherishing those, who, as the ambassadors of God, shall proclaim the tidings of salvation in the dark corners of the world, or, as the instruments of the Prince of darkness, shall help to perpetuate his cruel bondage over the enslaved millions of mankind. Mothers! the church itself is, in a sense, in your hands, to accelerate, or retard, the day, when it shall be said "her warfare is accomplished."

Look, then, with ceaseless vigilance, with holy solicitude after your children. "Corrupted, they are fountains of bitterness for ages. Would you plant for the skies? Plant in the live soil of the warm and generous, and youthful; pour all your treasures into the hearts of children. What children are, neighborhoods are. What neighborhoods are, communities are, states, empires, worlds! They are the elements of Hereafter made visible. Watch, then, your children forever, by day and by

night ! Pray for them forever, by night and by day ; and not as children, but as *men* of a smaller growth, as men with most of the evil passions, and with all the evil propensities that go to make man terrible to his fellow-man, his countenance hateful, his approach a fiery pestilence, and his early death, if these passions and propensities be not checked, “ a blessing to his father and mother,” to the church, and to the world.” *

* Token, 1835.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

WOMAN was designed by Him who made her, to act an important part, and fill a wide space, in the economy of the present world. The indications of this truth are not at all ambiguous, or uncertain. However common it has been to ascribe a superiority of intellect to the male, we view this opinion as the result of prejudice, rather than of sober sense. The fortuitous, or rather the providential circumstance, that *power* is on the side of man, has led him to indulge a degree of superciliousness on the subject, as unworthy of himself, as it has been pernicious in its effects, upon those who ought to have been benefitted by that power. It has induced him at times to deny that equal care and attention to the sex, in respect to their

education, which are alike due to their own excellence, and to the character of the proper lords of the creation. But the abuse of which man has been guilty, derogates not in the least from the glorious workmanship of God. There is every appearance of equal attributes and endowments — of equal susceptibility of improvement; and, save in the single circumstance, that divine wisdom constituted man with greater strength of body, for the necessary purposes of being the head, there is no reason to deny the peculiar and commanding influence, which woman is destined by her Creator to exert. Her form, her stature, her features, her beauty, her taste, her lively sensibilities, her mental accomplishments—all indicate the important destinies she is fitted to fulfil, and declare her equality with man, in every object to be obtained by their separate or mutual influence. Indeed, it would appear, from the great diversity and peculiar character of her endowments, that the mere want of physical power was more than compensated. It would seem, that as moral influence is vastly superior to brute force, woman was designed, on the whole, to exert the greater influence of the two. But however this may be, it is evident from every characteristic of her nature, that the wisdom of God has qualified her to bear

her full and equal part in the great concerns of life, and duty, and religion. To these indications of nature, revelation annexes its authoritative sentence. In the original forming of man, as narrated in scripture, we learn that woman, as a production of the Almighty hand, was designed to be a help-meet for him, and thus to be a companion and participator of his cares and toils—of his delights and sorrows. And throughout the scriptures, we find the most pointed allusions to the dignity and importance of the sex—to the virtues of their hearts—and to the responsibilities annexed to their condition. But in respect to the rank which revelation has assigned to woman, especially the place which she occupies under the enactments of the new dispensation, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. On the whole, it is a dictate both of nature and religion, that woman was made for purposes equally important with those, and to exert an influence equally controlling with that, which her more favored, and more vaunted associate has claimed.

While the theoretic consideration of the subject is thus clear and satisfactory, we know, as a matter of fact, that females, in many ages and countries, have been far from shining forth in the full glory of their nature. The privi-

lege and the obligation, on her part, of exerting a wide and salutary influence, have often been denied her, or rendered nugatory through the pride, ignorance, and officious interference of man. Among all nations unenlightened by revelation, it has long been remarked, that woman has sunk far below her proper level in society. Under the besotting influence of sin and lust, she has, in these circumstances, degenerated into a slave, or a plaything. In savage communities, her degradation has ever been proverbial. In this condition her sex is the more uncultivated of the two, labors under greater disabilities, and has a larger share of burdens to endure. Every menial office and drudgery is rudely laid upon her. And after the performance of the most tedious and irksome services—services, which, in civilized communities, are always assigned to the male, she is, more commonly than otherwise, treated with brutality and insolence, by her haughty and unfeeling lord. But, even in communities better informed, yet still unenlightened by the word of God, there are too many proofs of female debasement and oppression. Throughout the half civilized nations of Asia, among few of whom the power of the gospel has been felt, women universally are an inferior caste, made such by the institutions of society. In-

deed, it is the genius of Paganism and Mohammedanism, the prevalent religions of those countries, to strip females of those high and endearing attributes, with which the Creator has endowed them, and which fit them for the station of wives and mothers, and mistresses of families. Under these religions, they are no longer the guardians of domestic peace and purity, or examples of dignified virtue. Subject to the caprice, lust, or vanity of their masters, they have few or none of the prerogatives of their sex, and are incapable of moulding for their good, the beings to whom they give birth.

Society never improves under the influence of Pagan, and Mohammedan mothers in the East. The seraglio especially, though the paradise of voluptuousness and beauty, is the grave of intelligence and moral worth. If we ascend, in our reflections, to more enlightened Pagan nations, and even to the most enlightened, we shall find still, that great injustice was done to females, and that their merits and capabilities of improvement were not duly appreciated. Their degradation, however, was not universal or entire. There were occasionally, among these renowned nations, examples of female excellence. The sex was not lost to all its influence, when we read of one among the Bæotian women, who, upon being question-

ed why she did not wear ornaments, when all other women wore them, answered, that *her husband was her ornament*; and when we read also of the Roman Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, who, in default of jewels, such as were the pride of others, pointed to her *children as her jewels*. Indeed, in the earlier periods of the Roman people, the females were virtuous, though less attention was paid to their education than their merits deserved, and though their privileges bore an unfavorable comparison to those of the men. In the days of Roman voluptuousness and splendor, the female character lost much of its purity; while the sufferings of the sex were greatly augmented, by the practice of polygamy, and the facility of obtaining divorce. But the condition of Roman women, uninviting as we should consider it, was always superior to that of women among the Greeks. The law of seclusion, with the latter, was the badge of their bondage, and the severe condition of their virtue. To go abroad into society, or to shine in intellectual accomplishments, was to acquire a character of shame, or of infamy. Among the ancient Persians, a people who were not destitute of pretensions to refinement and knowledge, women were suffered to grow up without the discipline of virtue, and answered the end of their existence, in min-

istering to the voluptuousness of society. Thus in the most civilized and polite Pagan nations of antiquity, nothing like female education, as known in these times, was ever considered as either necessary, desirable, or important. We must look, therefore, to other institutions than those of Pagan wisdom, for the proper development of the talents and virtues of the sex. The evident designs of Divine Providence, in regard to women among all these nations, have been frustrated or perverted; and she who was ordained by her Creator, to be the equal and dignified companion of man, has become the victim of his cruelties and the slave of his pleasures.

It is an occasion of eternal gratitude to God, that in the religion of the Bible, woman is seen as an object of transcendent importance, and that in countries where this religion prevails, and in proportion to its prevalence, she is regarded and treated as such. This was, in a measure, the case, even under the Old Testament dispensation — a dispensation in all respects of inferior light and privileges to those which were to follow. Among the chosen people of God, females were far more highly estimated, and their virtues and endowments had much greater sway, than in the surrounding countries of paganism. This we learn, from

the several beautiful eulogiums contained in the Old Testament scriptures, concerning the virtuous woman, as well as from the examples there recorded, of female excellence. But Christianity has been peculiarly auspicious to woman. It has restored her to her true place and station in society. It has reinstated her, in all her just and endearing prerogatives, as she came from the hands of her Maker, in the garden of innocence. The genius of the Gospel is more fully exhibited in the revolution, which it has accomplished in regard to woman, and the consideration attached to her, than in any other particulars touching the interests of the human race. Its influence has been relatively greater on woman, than on man. It had more to do for her in view of her previous depression. It has especially noticed her in the records of its early history. The Son of God showed singular benignity towards the sex, in condescendingly noticing the Marthas and Marias, the Joannas and Susannahs of Galilee; and in graciously receiving and rewarding their ministrations to his necessities. He showed herein the estimation in which the characteristic excellence of the sex should be held by all mankind. Wherever the spirit of Christ has prevailed in the world, a similar consideration has been bestowed on woman. In the purer

ages of the church, she has been the cherished and honored vestal, especially charged with the care of keeping alive the sacred flame of domestic piety. She has aided, in the most efficient manner, by her more silent and unobtrusive influence, the colder champions of the truth, in the other sex.

It is not to be inferred, however, that in all the periods of Christianity, the sex has been equally sustained in its rights and in its dignity, or has been equally useful to the world. During the long ages in which Christianity was shorn of her glory, and darkness and corruption spread over the nations, man and woman sunk alike under the power of the evil influences which were so generally experienced. In the ages of chivalry, woman indeed received sufficient attention from the men, but it was an attention, for the most part, dictated by a wrong spirit, and bestowed for wrong purposes. She became the idol of a disordered and wandering fancy, inspiring no respect but in view of her external charms, and of an ideal, unsubstantial perfection. Her mind was uninformed and undisciplined, left to suffer from vacancy of thought, or given a prey to all the wild vagaries of the brain. So far as chivalry was a beneficent institution—and it was better, perhaps, than the rudeness which preceded it—so far

she may claim the honor of sustaining it. But nothing can justify the sort of adoration, which it was then customary to pay to beauty and a name. Immediately after the ages of chivalry, women, in several European countries, became profoundly learned. Numbers of the sex in Italy, Spain, France, and England, shone in the first ranks of science and literature. They became professors in law and philosophy, acquired skill in the poetic art, and were adepts in the learned languages. Such were Modesta di Pozzi di Zori, of Bologna, an admirable poetess — Cassandra Fidele, of Venice, a lecturer of philosophy at Padua — the two Isabelas of Spain, eminent as linguists and preachers, and one of them honored with the title of doctor of divinity — the three Seymours of England, excellent in Latin studies — Lady Jane Grey, an universal scholar — the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas More, a great Latinist; and several others, whose names cannot be here mentioned. These, however, were individual instances of greatness, while as yet the state of female society at large was low and depressed. In later times, as the influence of the Gospel has become more conspicuous, especially since the period of the Reformation, the importance of the intellectual and moral culture of females has been more sensibly felt,

and continues daily, in many countries, to receive more and more attention. As a consequence, the character and influence of women have been constantly rising, and now rank among the mightiest means of producing those great moral changes, that distinguish the age in which we live. To enumerate the eminent women of modern ages — persons, who have shone in the accomplishments of the understanding and the heart, cannot be necessary to give an idea of the advance of the sex, in the scale of intellectual and moral worth. The names are every day before the public.

If we look for the source of the influence which woman now exerts, and which she was originally fitted to exert, in forming the character and destiny of mankind — if we look for the source of her influence particularly in the relation of mother, we shall be able to trace it to the following principles, among others.

1. *The close companionship which she holds with the junior members of the family* gives her a large share of influence. The mother — the true mother, is emphatically at home. She lives at home, and nowhere else. Here is her dominion, and here are her cares, duties and enjoyments. She is constantly employed about the affairs of the family, directing and controlling them according to her will and judgment.

That minute inspection of domestic concerns — that assiduous attention to the wants, conduct, pleasures, and griefs of the children — that supervision of their unfolding intellects, and that forming of their moral principles, which, by the ordinance of Heaven and the consent of all ages, have been assigned to her, necessarily make her more the companion of the young, than the father can be. She mingles in their pursuits — her hand is everywhere visible in fitting up the little comforts of the household — her absence, when it providentially occurs, is noticed, as if the tutelary genius of the place was withdrawn, and nothing can be successfully carried on, and nothing can be fully enjoyed, till her return. Thus keeping up an endearing correspondence, with all the internal mechanism of the family, she acquires an intimate acquaintance with their hearts. Hence her influence is nearly unbounded. She holds in her hands, in an important sense, the present and eternal welfare of the interesting beings committed to her charge.

2. The influence of women, especially of mothers, may be traced, also, to *their keen sensibility — their peculiar power of sympathy*. Who, so devotedly as a mother, is the friend that interests herself in the group of beings, which surround her — that feels for them in every condition — whose countenance lightens up

with joy when they are pleased, or, with an expression of benignant sorrow, soothes the distresses which they suffer! Who, on earth, is such a comforter as a mother, and whose bosom is pervaded and thrilled, by the call of danger or suffering, like hers? To the relief of her offspring she flies, heedless equally of exposure, or of toil; and with a fortitude, and sometimes with a strength, which seems to be more than she could possibly summon, she rescues her darling from the jaws of death. Over the sick bed she bends with an unwearied and unexhausted sympathy. She keeps her nightly vigils where her dear ones slumber, or suffer—marks the first symptoms of returning health, with unmingled grateful delight—or notices the accession of disease, only with the determination to meet the exigency, with redoubled labors. Viewing the mother in this light, it is by no means surprising, that she controls the hearts of those that are about her—that she becomes the life and soul of the domestic circle—and forms the great bond of union in the family, and throughout the community. From her, as a living fountain, flow forth the thousand tendernesses that refresh and gladden the heart. Around her, cluster the innumerable courtesies and amenities that adorn and sweeten life.

3. A woman's and a mother's influence arises from *her nice discrimination of character, and her perfect knowledge of the causes by which character is affected.* Her situation and her pursuits, surrounded as she is by beings dependent on her care, and looking to her for direction, habituate her to judge of the disposition and motives of the heart. They qualify her to calculate the effect of influences, that operate upon the feelings and conduct of children. She is led by the ever-varying exigencies, which arise in the management of young minds, to distinguish with accuracy the differences of character—to mark minutely its several shades. The regard with which a virtuous female has for her own character, induces her to weigh carefully the causes by which character is affected. She has usually a quick and keen apprehension of the dangers incident to the precious boon of reputation. She, therefore, not only guards it with care in her own case, but becomes peculiarly qualified to guide others to the acquisition or preservation of a good name. She becomes eminently fitted to guide her children, and, in effect, she forms their character to virtue and religion, under the blessing of God. We speak of the virtuous—the religious mother—one whose spirit and conduct are regulated by the precepts of the Gospel.

Her power of discrimination and judgment, in the management and education of the young, is an essential element of her salutary influence. It greatly contributes to the extent of that influence. Indeed, all mothers — they who pervert, as well as they who improve, the above mentioned attribute, hold the character and of course, the destiny of their children, very much in their own hands. Under God, they are peculiarly responsible for its exercise, and for the moral power which it confers upon them.

4. The influence we speak of is to be further traced, *to the winning sweetness and delicacy of manner, which characterize woman's intercourse in domestic life.* The sacred regard thence inspired for her feelings and wishes, is one of the first principles imbibed, in a well regulated nursery. None but the most hardened mind, can be found to trifle with the affections of such a being. It is treason against nature wantonly to inflict pain on a mother. It requires a hardihood — a baseness — a recklessness of soul, seldom known to the young, to meet her smiles and caresses with contempt and cruelty. Nature, not to say conscience, in almost every human bosom, pleads too powerfully in her behalf, on this account, not to do reverence to such goodness. The stern authority of the father, is sometimes met with the high bearing

of an unsubdued temper. The child feels, if he has the courage, that he may treat less scrupulously the power which peremptorily forbids his wishes, than he does the mother's winning, though it may be, firm address. Pride and passion are often excited and measured, against the rough and uncompromising control of the father; but the pleading, the bland, yet truly dignified manner of a judicious mother, urging her children to a virtuous course, how much more likely to take effect! Many a young man, for a time abandoned and given to sin, like John Newton, has recalled the image and the precepts of maternal tenderness, and thus broken away from the influences that had separated him from God and his duty. Such an instrumentality, then, God has ordained for the best of purposes, and it becomes us ever to acknowledge the mighty efficacy, which he has attached to it, through his providence and Spirit.

5. *The more extensive prevalence of piety among females and mothers*, accounts for the influence which attends them, as it also throws a peculiar lustre over their character. Of all the sources of a mother's influence, this must be by far the greatest. It begins the earliest, for it breathes its prayer before the infant can be conscious of its meaning, but not before God can answer it. It strikes its root the deepest;

for where piety exists in the maternal bosom, it is the most active and efficient of all the principles that govern it. It will manifest itself in unceasing efforts, to bring the infant mind under the power of the Gospel. The habitual exhibition of the Christian spirit, in its most attractive forms, produces a silent but most important effect, on the little beings that watch every movement of her, whom they are apt to regard as their dearest and most intimate friend. Facts show the striking results of maternal piety, in its influence over the minds of children, bringing them at length into the ways of holiness and salvation, through the grace of a prayer-hearing God. The history of the church points to the names of Augustine, Matthew Henry, Col. Gardiner, John Newton, Timothy Dwight, Richard Cecil, and many others, as principally indebted to the influence of godly mothers, for their experimental acquaintance with the religion of the Bible, and for their distinguished usefulness to mankind. When such are the fruits of maternal piety, we can scarcely rate its importance too high: it is the crowning effect of woman's influence. That instances of consecration, and signal consecration to the service of God, especially in its action on the domestic constitution, are far more frequent in the sex, than among the men, we suppose

will be readily granted by all, who have taken the pains to inspect the features of the religious world, or who are familiar with the statistics of evangelical churches. In the affectionate and efficient piety of woman, God has appointed one of the most important means, of the moral renovation of the young, and the perpetuation of religion in the human race.

Having traced, in several particulars, the source of that influence, which, through woman, and especially the mother, is employed in forming the character, and determining the destinies of mankind, we will dwell, for a few moments, on the probable effect of such influence, wherever it is *duly* exerted. We will show what may be expected, on a general scale, from the *faithful* application of a mother's power, in regard to the welfare of its objects.

What would not the world soon become under auspices of this kind? We may better arrive, perhaps, at a just conception of the result, by viewing the case first of an *individual*. Of what importance is it that he should have an enlightened, godly, praying mother! His intellectual and moral character, his usefulness and happiness, his eternal life may be literally suspended, on the exertions of such a mother. Are not the feelings and associations of his infancy and childhood, what she makes them?

Does he soon forget how he was taught from her lips, to fold his hands, and bend his knees, and repeat, "Our Father, who art in heaven?" Is not the scene, at times, present to his mind, when he was accustomed to retire with her to the chamber of prayer, and required to bow down with her, and join in her supplications unto the Hearer of prayer? And will he not, as he arrives at maturity, recal many of the impressive lessons and warnings which parental, maternal love administered to him, in the careless and wayward period of his youth? Surely these things are not easily forgotten, while at the same time, the character has been silently forming under their influence. The great and good men of all times have been reared by such a process. We must ask mothers especially, whether our sons and daughters shall be distinguished for their virtues, their talents, and their usefulness. We must ask a Hannah, and a Eunice, for that fear of the Lord which brings up a Samuel and a Timothy, to perform the high duties of ministers of religion. We must ask a Mary Washington, for that dignified virtue, and energy of character, which reared a patriot hero. On the other hand, suppose the mother is not pious, is a woman of the world, or a devotee of a spurious Christianity: what unhappy impressions will she make on

the mind of her tender charge! How given, probably, will he be to vanity, and sin, and pleasure — checked by no remonstrances — awed by no example, of maternal wisdom and holiness! How will his headlong passions be ministered to — his corrupt appetites be pampered, by the foolish fondness or the inconsiderate impatience of a selfish, worldly, prayerless mother! And do the children of that misguided and misguiding Catholic woman, who, on entering a church, bows to the images of the saints, and teaches *them* to bow, also, ever lose the impression made on their minds — do they ever forget the lessons of a baneful superstition? How necessary, then, if the seeds of virtue, self-government, truth, intelligence, and piety are to be implanted, and to grow with a person's growth, that he should be blessed with the prayers and assiduities of an enlightened, and efficiently pious mother! How important that he should not be cursed with a vain, giddy, uninformed, unconscientious, un-devout mother!

The importance of maternal influence, of the kind here described, is greatly enhanced, when we consider it in reference to an *entire family*. Commonly not one individual alone is affected, but a number feel the salutary control. And if we contemplate a whole family of children, as

brought under the blessed influence of exemplary, maternal piety, its effects must be of corresponding importance. In this point of view, how essential is it that Christian principle, an informed understanding, and, if it may be, native good sense, should be the high characteristics of the female head of a family! She may favorably affect her whole household. She will probably have a degree of influence on the whole number, for their good. Her children will be trained in the way they should go, and when they are old, they will probably not depart from it. Her authority and care will produce submission, docility, sweetness of temper, and harmony of intercourse, throughout the subjects of her little dominion. Order, method, neatness, despatch, frugality, and thrift will wait upon her steps. Her domestic plans, and the spirit with which she carries them into operation, will ensure, if any instrumentality will do it, obedience, virtue, and intelligence among her endearing charge; and as they grow in years, "the fair forms of truth and sentiment," with the love of which she has inspired them, will be more clearly inscribed on their minds. Or, if there happens to be a wanderer among the precious flock, and obstinacy, love of mischief, and addiction to vice mark him for their victim, then, how faithfully will he be followed

up by the advice, entreaties, warnings, and prayers of the pious inmates of the household, especially the mother, until, if it may be, through the great mercy of God, he shall be restored to the fold. And suppose all of a family actually to become converts to righteousness, under the means that have been employed with children, from the earliest dawn of reason, with a view to produce such an effect, how indescribably important must be the event! How delightful the sight of a whole family devoted to God! What elements of happiness does not such a little community include! What an amount of usefulness will it not be the honored instrument of achieving! What a beautiful representative would it not be of heaven, as heaven would certainly be its eternal home!

Finally, if we look at a *country* where pious mothers abound — if we select a nation of such families as these mothers might be supposed to make, the importance of the influence exerted, will appear in a still more conspicuous light. It would strike the mind with an overpowering force. Let the mothers of a country be endowed with intelligence and moral worth, and how confidently might we not expect, that they would mould the mass to virtue, to order, and to happiness! The sources of most of the evils in society would be dried up — intemperance,

impurity, profaneness, sabbath-breaking, and other vices would be checked, at that critical period of life when it could be most effectually done — the means of pure and rational enjoyment would be immensely multiplied — honesty, truth, integrity, benevolence, and every virtue that goes to constitute worth of character, would extensively prevail — children would be sanctified, for the most part, in very early life — streams of salvation would flow through the length and breadth of the land — and hosts of champions of the cross would go forth to other nations, to subdue them unto truth and holiness. The example of one such nation would awe the world. Its influence would go far towards the world's conversion.

ANECDOTES, &c.

THE TRACT AND THE POCKET BIBLE.

MR. L. was a young man of uncommon abilities. With much of that enthusiastic temperament, peculiar to the southern constitution, he possessed a disposition frank, generous, and social. Few young men ever entered the world with greater advantages. To a mind highly cultivated, was added a conversational talent of a commanding order, which, together with family connexions of extensive influence, gave him a decided superiority over many of those with whom he associated. His amiable disposition, particularly, secured him an interest in the friendship of the youth of the neighborhood.

It may be easily imagined, that the influence of such a youth is almost as extensive as his acquaintance. Young men will have companions for their sports, and their social hours; and the individual, in whom genius, acquirements and manners unite, generally gives tone

to the feeling, and direction to the conversation in the circle in which he moves; his opinions are received and repeated, and his spirit imbibed.

In the early part of youth, Mr. L. had drunk deep from the stream of infidelity. Pursuing his studies at a distance from home, beyond the immediate control of parental authority, and surrounded with circumstances rather hostile to the influence of parental advice, he gradually forgot the pious lessons received from a godly mother, and finally succeeded in persuading himself, that the Bible is *priestcraft*, and the holy tendency of its doctrines, delusion. He returned to the parental roof, a fine looking, well educated young gentleman, but a confirmed infidel.

He ill concealed from the solicitude of a mother, the change of his opinions, on the subject of religion. She trembled, and even wept, at the discovery; but her tears served only to excite his pity for her weakness and superstition.

Months passed on. How he figured among the gay and the vain, how his sentiments were received and respected, by both male and female, need not here be mentioned—the extent of the injury, which his infidelity has occasioned, can never in this life be unfolded. Yet, in all this, he was an affectionate son, and an amiable man—beloved and caressed by all, who enjoyed his acquaintance. The mother could not but rejoice in having a son, so high minded and honorable; yet she could not help but weep, that his heart was wedded to infidel principles.

This one thought embittered all her joy—her son scornfully rejected her blessed Saviour. The midnight hour witnessed her tears and prayers, for the conversion of her ungodly child. Never did she forget, before the throne of grace, her infidel son. But it seemed, for a time, that God designed not to answer her prayers. Frequently, her heart almost yielded to despair, for fear that her son was given up to “a reprobate mind.”

Mr. L., after having been at home a few months, married and settled on his own plantation, near the residence of his mother. He now became more domestic in his habits, more grave and serious in his deportment, but continued an avowed advocate of infidelity.

One day, in a musing frame of mind, walking round his mill pond, his glance fell on a leaf of paper, near the edge of the water. He carelessly picked it up, and a few steps further, he picked up two or three more. He now had in his hand a *complete tract*, which, perhaps, the winds of heaven had blown to that spot. Having arranged the separate leaves, as he walked, he read. Becoming interested, he read the tract through. The little thing spoke of God—it spoke of the Bible—it spoke of eternity. Again he read it—and feelings awoke in his bosom, which he thought *had been annihilated*. Having arrived at his house, he again read the tract. He paused and thought—deeply thought,—“If this be all true, what—?” The idea was too awful, he would not pursue it; he rose and paced the floor. Now, for the first time perhaps in his life, he felt an anxious desire to

look into a Bible. But in his well-furnished library, that precious book was not to be found. The pocket Bible, which he called his own, when a boy, was now in the book-case at his mother's residence. His mother had often urged him to take it home, but no! he had no use for such books, "I will send," said he, quite aloud, "and borrow one." But no! that will expose my weakness. "Yes," catching at the thought suggested by the word last uttered, "yes, it is weakness—I will not submit to it. Have I not lived satisfied with my principles? What reason have I now to distrust them? Strange that reading this tract should so disturb my composure! I see how it is, I am indisposed,—have been unwell all the morning—I will throw the tract aside, and think no more of these matters."

But the tract was not to be put off in this manner;—it had seized on the spirit of a stubborn sinner; it grappled with his infidel principles. It gave no ground; the contest was long and serious. The tract was read over once more, and it triumphed. "Yes," said he, "I will have a *Bible*."

He recollected the pocket Bible at his mother's. He thought, too, that it was possible to obtain this Bible, without exciting suspicion in his mother's family. For this purpose, he stepped over to her residence.

The perturbation of mind discovered itself in his countenance, which alarmed the fears of his mother for the health of a son, who had caused her so much solicitude. Eager were her inquiries as to his health; and his reply, that he was well,

had no tendency to remove her fears. The sole object of Mr. L. in paying this visit, was secretly to secure the pocket Bible; several anxious glances therefore, were directed towards the book-case. These glances, observed by the mother, gave a different turn to her thoughts. She looked, for a moment, intently at his countenance—could it be possible? The idea did force itself upon her mind, and she almost sunk under it. Could it be possible that the Spirit of God had found her lost child, and that he was now operating upon his heart? Hope and fear were too strong in her bosom. Like Joseph, she left the room, in order to give way to a burst of feeling. Pious mothers of infidel sons alone are capable of judging of her emotions at this time. She knew that her son had refused to have a Bible in his house. Those anxious glances did give rise to the idea, that he had come for the Bible, which she had many times urged him to take. There it now stood,—the pocket Bible, from which, in his boyhood; he had so often read to her.

After giving vent to her tears, the tears of hope and fear, and after having poured out her soul before God, she recovered in some degree her composure. Again, like Joseph, she entered the room—her son had departed—she sprang towards the book case—the *pocket Bible* was gone.

I have the happiness of adding that Mr. L. is now a member of a gospel church. He repented in sackcloth and ashes of his former hostility to Jesus of Nazareth; and in the course of some weeks, he found peace in believing in

the Saviour, whom he had scornfully rejected. If he was once zealous in scattering the poison of infidelity, he is now doubly so, by his walk and conversation, in advocating the doctrines of the Gospel.

From examples like this, let mothers take courage. God may, indeed, long try their faith and patience; but the promise is sure, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will answer thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Prayer is never lost—faith never goes unrewarded:—

‘ Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.’

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the Pine Cottage sat by her blazing faggots, with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom, that pressed upon her mind. For a year her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter: she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhaust-

ed. It was now, too, mid-winter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her: it was the only article of food she possessed, and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan, cannot forget his word. Providence had, many years before, taken from her, her eldest son, who went from his forest-home, to try his fortune on the high seas, since which she heard no note or tidings of him; and in latter time, had by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet, to this hour she had been upborne, she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual, who has but his own wants to supply, may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on mis-

ery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children—far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such an one was the widow of the Pine Cottage; but, as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

‘ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.’

The smoked herring was hardly laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveller, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food; said he, “it is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread.” The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; a place to rest and a share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. “We shall not be forsaken,” said she, “or suffer deeper for an act of charity.”

The traveller drew near the board—but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes toward heaven with astonishment—“And is this all your store?” said he—“and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then

never saw I charity before! but madam," said he, continuing, "do you not wrong your children, by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah" said the poor widow, and the tear drops gushed into her eyes, as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you, as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us, as he did for Israel—and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and he should have provided for him a home even poor as this—were I to turn you unrelieved away?"

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms—"God, indeed, has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress—my mother! oh my mother."

It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy.—That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day the passer-by is pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

RESIGNATION.

THE following lines were repeated to a minister, by a poor and pious female, when her husband appeared to be dying, leaving her with nine children.

Long have I view'd, long have I thought,
And trembling held this bitter draught,
But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
Since 'tis prepar'd and mix'd by thee !

I'll trust my great Physician's skill ;
What he prescribes can ne'er be ill ;
No longer will I grieve or pine ;
Thy pleasure 'tis—it shall be mine.

Thy med'cine oft produces smart ;
Thou woun'dst me in the tend'rest part ;
All that I priz'd below is gone ;
Yet, Father, still, thy will be done.

Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With what is nearest to my heart,
My little all I here resign,
And, lo, my heart itself is thine.

Take all, great God ; I will not grieve,
But wish I still had more to give ;
I hear thy voice ; thou bid'st me quit
This favor'd gourd—and I submit.

POOR JACK.

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a floating plank by his side on the water clung to it. The wind soon wafted him with the plank out to sea. A British man of war, passing by, discovered the plank and child; and a sailor at the risk of his life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of *poor Jack*. He grew up on board that man of war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action of the late war, an aged man came under his care, nearly in a dying state. He was all kindness and attention to the suffering stranger, but could not save his life. The aged parent was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure I am possessed of, (presenting him with a Bible, bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society.) It was given me by a lady; has been the means of my

conversion; and has been a great comfort to me. Read it; it will lead you in the way you should go." He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needed food! the young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in this dying old man, his own father, dying a penitent under his care! And, judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that the same kind young stranger was his son, the very son whom he plunged into the sea, and had no idea but he immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service, and became a pious preacher of the Gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society, bowed to the chairman, and said, "*Sir, I am poor Jack.*"

INFLUENCE OF EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

It is reported of a man, eminent for his talents, his elevated situation in life, and his dissipation, that one evening, while sitting at the gaming-table, he was observed to be unusually sad. His associates rallied him upon his seri-

ous aspect. He endeavored, by rousing himself, and by sallies of wit, which he had always at command, to turn away their attention, and throw off the transient gloom. Not many moments transpired, before he again seemed lost in thought, and dejected, by some mournful contemplation. This exposed him so entirely to the ridicule of his companions, that he could not defend himself. As they poured in upon him their taunts and jeers, he at last remarked, "Well, to tell the truth, I cannot help thinking, every now and then, of the prayers my mother used to offer for me at my bed-side, when I was a child. Old as I am, I cannot forget the impressions of those early years." Here was a man of highly cultivated mind, and of talents of so high an order as to give him influence and eminence, notwithstanding his dissolute life; and yet neither lapse of years, nor acquisitions of knowledge, nor crowding cares, nor scenes of dissipation could obliterate the effect which a *mother's devotions* had left upon his mind. The still small voice of a mother's prayers rose above the noise of guilty revelry. The pious mother, though dead, still continued to speak, in impressive rebuke to her dissolute son. Many facts might be introduced, illustrating the importance of this duty. The following is so much to the point, and affords such cheering encouragement, that I cannot refrain from relating it.

A few years since, a gentleman from England brought a letter of introduction to a gentleman in this country. The stranger was of accomplished mind and manners, but in senti-

ment an infidel. The gentleman to whom he brought letters of introduction, and his lady, were active Christian philanthropists. They invited the stranger to make their house his home, and treated him with every possible attention. Upon the evening of his arrival, just before the usual hour for retiring, the gentleman, knowing the peculiarity of his guest's sentiments, observed to him, that the hour had arrived in which they usually attended family prayers; that he should be happy to have him remain and unite with them; or, if he preferred, he could retire. The gentleman intimated that it would give him pleasure to remain. A chapter of the Bible was read, and the family all knelt in prayer, the stranger with the rest. In a few days, the stranger left this hospitable dwelling, and embarked on board a ship for a foreign land. In the course of three or four years, however, the providence of God again led that stranger to the same dwelling. But, O, how changed ! He came the happy Christian, the humble man of piety and prayer. In the course of the evening's conversation, he remarked that when he, on the first evening of his previous visit, knelt with them in family prayer, it was the first time, for many years, that he had bowed to his Maker. This act brought to his mind such a crowd of recollections, it so vividly reminded him of a parent's prayers, which he had heard at home, that it completely absorbed his attention. His emotion was so great, that he did not hear one syllable of the prayer which was uttered, from its commencement to its close. And God made

this the instrument of leading him from the dreamy wild of infidelity to the peace and joy of piety. His parents had long before gone to their rest; but the prayers they had offered for and with their son, had left an influence which could not die. They might have prayed ever so fervently for him, but if they had not prayed *with* him, if they had not knelt by his side, and caused his listening ear to hear their earnest supplications, their child might have continued through life unreconciled to his Maker.

HAPPY EFFECT OF MILDNESS.

DURING a revival, in a certain town, there lived a Mr. H——, who was a moral man, and who evidently depended upon his morality for justification before God. Not finding employment in his own town, he labored, at times, in a town adjoining, whence he returned, every Saturday evening, to his family.

One week, during his absence, the attention of his wife was excited to the subject of religion. Her convictions, in a short time, became deep and pungent. A pious neighbor living near, she sought instruction and counsel of him, and requested the privilege of attending prayer with his family. The means with which she was thus favored, were blessed by the Spirit of God; and on Saturday, previously to the return of her husband, she hopefully obtained mercy of the Lord.

In the evening she attended prayer-meeting. During her absence her husband came home, and being informed whither his wife had gone, he expressed great displeasure, and, in no mild terms, said, "that he would have his family know that they were subject to his control."

On the return of his wife, his displeasure again manifested itself in upbraidings for her conduct, and, with an intention, perhaps, of wounding her feelings, he said, that he had a poor opinion of the work. This deeply affected his wife, who, with great mildness and affection, entreated him to attend to religion, as a divine reality, and the "one thing needful." In this state of excitement on the one hand, and of deep solicitude on the other, they retired to rest. Mrs. H—— soon sunk into a refreshing sleep; but not so her husband. Her mild conduct, added to her kind entreaties, had penetrated his soul. A rapid review of his life convinced him that all was not right. After some time, his wife awaking, and finding him awake, asked him if he were unwell. He assured her that he was not. Again she fell asleep, and again awoke, and finding him as before, said, "You are not well, my dear husband, I am sure;" and offered to rise and administer something to him. But he declined, saying, "I am well, but feel no inclination to sleep." After a time, he arose, dressed himself, and walked the room. She then said, "Husband, you are either unwell, or your mind is troubled." His reply was, "I am a sinner!"

This was an acknowledgment full of joy to Mrs. H——, and in her heart she blessed

God for the dawnings of a better day. A sense of guilt rapidly increased upon her husband, and he began in good earnest to tremble. Thus the remainder of the night was passed.

The next morning he was persuaded to attend church ; but afterwards observed, that it seemed to him that he should sink, the preaching was so pointed at him. In the evening his wife invited him to accompany her to a conference : but he requested to be left to his own contemplations. On her retirement, he fell upon his knees, and besought a God of mercy to have compassion upon his soul. In this manner, he spent the whole time his wife was absent. About the time of her return, light and joy seemed to enter his soul. From that time he appeared the humble, affectionate, and consistent disciple of Christ.

What a rich reward did this pious woman reap for letting "patience have its powerful work," and persevering in the mild and affectionate spirit of the Gospel. An opposite conduct would doubtless have driven her husband irrevocably to a state of obduracy ; but "by cords of love," she won him to repentance, and prepared the way for their mutual eternal joy.

EARLY DISCIPLINE.

A YOUNG mother once pursued the following course, with a child of less than three years old, who had not been good during her absence of a few hours.

“Mamma, where have you been?” said she, when her mother entered.

“I have been to walk, and have had a very pleasant time. Shall I tell you what I saw?”

“O yes; tell me.”

“Well, first tell me if you have been a good girl?”

“Sometimes I have; but I cried, and I tore that little book you gave me.”

“I am sorry you tore it. When I gave it to you, you promised me you would be careful, and not tear it.”

“If you will give it to me now, I shan’t tear it.”

“I cannot, for I can’t trust you. I can’t believe you.”

“Believe me?”

“Yes, I am afraid you will not keep your promise.”

“But I shall keep my promise; (looking up sorrowfully.) “Will you give me the book again?”

“If I was to give you the book, and you were to say, ‘Mamma, I won’t tear it,’ and then I was to go out, and you were to tear it while I was gone, that would be breaking your promise. I should be very sorry to have you do that; for it

would displease God, and make us unhappy. You cannot have the book now ; so do not ask me again for it."

The child had been, a few days before, told distinctly the nature and guilt of breaking her word ; and this was the first time it had been referred to.

The conversation ended here. At night, when she knelt down to say her prayer, she, as usual, inquired, "What have I done that is naughty to-day?"

"You must think," replied her mother.

The child then repeated her usual prayer, closing with, "I pray God would forgive me always,—and when I tore the book,—and that I may not do so any more ;"—and looking up, she added, "I am very sorry ; I won't do so again."

More than a year after this, the child saw the torn book, and recollected her fault.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF WOMAN'S RELIGION.

THE front door was open, and I entered.—The parlour was vacant ; as I was crossing it, I saw the door of a side room opened ; I turned towards it—and the cause of the unwonted silence of the habitation was before me. On a table, against the wall of the room, rested a COFFIN.—With a single step, I was at its side ; I looked in ; it contained the inanimate form of my little favorite. For a moment, I turned away in the

agony of disappointment ; I looked again—it was too true ; and my hopes, childish almost as those I had excited in him, lay blighted. As I gazed upon the cold remains before me, my feelings subsided, and I recovered that tone, which the well-regulated mind never loses. It was but to divest myself of those acquired feelings concerning death, and the child that lay before me, was as lovely and as deserving admiration, as when alive. The beautiful glossiness of his prominent forehead, was set off by the fine silky hair that stretched in a semicircle towards the temples ; there was a transparency in the skin, through which the blue veins showed with wonderful distinctness ; and the budding whiteness of the teeth was discernible between the slightly opened lips : his little hands were crossed below its breast—their beauty had not departed : but the eyes, as I gazed upwards, gleamed glassy between the lids, through their long dark lashes ; and as the light flickered through the veins, near the window, I sometimes thought that life was returning to animate the lovely features on which I gazed. I stooped to press a kiss upon its face—it was cold, and the tears that I had dropped upon it, trickled off as if they had fallen upon polished marble. As I raised my head from the coffin, my eyes met those of the mother.

We gaze upon the dead with regret for their loss : we look upon the inanimate corpse of an infant, and mourn, that it is so soon snatched away : we dwell with fondness upon its features, treasure the memory of its beauties, and sigh that we cannot longer enjoy them. But when we see those that the bereavement has left childless,

standing by us in the dignity of grief, the silent cause of sorrow yet stretched before them, we shrink almost with awe from their presence. Such, for a moment, were my feelings. I wished myself absent from the scene that was about to ensue ; but the extended hand of the afflicted parent satisfied me that retreat would have been cruelty or cowardice. I pressed the hand of the mother in the ardor of sympathy, and our tears fell fast upon the snowy shroud of the outstretched infant. She leaned forward and buried her face with *his* in the narrow coffin. Fearing the effects of this paroxysm of grief upon the mother, I would have withdrawn her. "Let me alone," said she ; "I know by whom I have been afflicted, and in my sorrow I will not sin ; neither will I charge God foolishly. But in my darling's sickness, he lay day and night upon my knees, until he died ; and the kind officiousness of neighbors has kept me from a solitary indulgence of grief until now. Let me, then, ere they shut him out of my sight forever—let me once more feel his face, imprinting its features on my neck, though it be cold as death. I came to yield up, in silence and solitude, my child to Him who gave it—but not without the feelings and grief of a mother. I have bowed to the chastisement—I have even kissed the rod that smote me ; but I have not mistaken stoicism for resignation, nor offered the Lord an *unfeeling* for a *submissive* mind. Four times has the hand of Heaven visited me in affliction, and I have not murmured ; and now, when the last lamb of the flock is taken, I have, in the hour of prayer and solitude, exclaimed—'The Lord giveth, and the Lord

‘taketh away—’ and when the passion of grief shall have subsided ; when the cords of affection, now torn asunder, shall have ceased to bleed, and mourning shall have become woven into the tissue of life, instead of being, as now, its whole web, then, perhaps, I may add—‘Blessed be the name of the Lord ;’ But, oh ! so lovely—so bright in promise of all that a parent’s heart can ask, and to lie now so cold.”

Again the mother threw herself upon the coffin, and nestled her face with that of her infant.

I saw it was no time to offer consolation. She had restrained her grief during the presence of her neighbors ; and now that she thought herself alone, she had come forth from her chamber to indulge a mother’s grief.

In a short time, the people of the vicinity were seen gathering towards the house, with a view of attending the funeral. The mother impressed a new kiss upon the lips of her dead child ; she uttered one more burst of grief, and shrunk to her chamber.

In a little while, they screwed down the coffin lid, and a slight bustle denoted preparations for a procession to the grave.—I followed among the very few, whom the occasion had called together ; and as we entered the city of the dead, I saw, by the little heap of fresh turned earth, where the tenement of my little favorite was prepared.

The line of followers assembled round the little grave, and the coffin lay at its mouth. At length, the hoarse rumbling of the cords, and the suppressed sounds of clods falling far down upon the coffin, told that dust had been committed to

dust. I looked for the officiating clergyman, and others appeared to await his service—there was none. It was now that I feared for the firmness of the mother; she had been almost distracted by grief, when her child lay before her, in her own house—what could sustain her when she looked down into the deep pit, and see it there girt in with the dampness of the grave, lying cold and stretched out, forever to be separated from her gaze; and to become the companion and the prey of worms?

The father stepped forward, and looked down upon his child; he withdrew with *clamorous grief*. The mother advanced, and standing upon a little eminence of fresh earth, she gazed *silently* down. I could not see her face; but when she raised her head to retire, an expression of agony was passing from her features; her lips remained firmly closed, and her eyes were inflamed. As she stepped from the grave, she uttered, in scarcely an audible voice, "*I shall go unto him, but he shall return no more to me.*"

THE WIDOW'S SON.

IN a village which stands on the sea shore, there lived a widow, who had formerly seen better days. Her husband was a respectable sea-captain, and supported his family in ease and affluence: but amidst his own and the hopes of his family, he was lost at sea, leaving his widow with

two little sons, one of six years old, and the other an infant. She retired from the circle in which she had so long moved with esteem, and purchased a neat little cottage, by the water's side. Here she brought up her little boys, and early endeavored to lead them "in the way they should go." She felt herself to be a pilgrim below, and taught her sons that this world was never designed for our home.

In this manner, this little family retired; beloved and respected. The mother would often lead her children on the hard, sandy beach, just as the setting sun was tipping the smooth blue waters with his last yellow tints. She would then tell them of their father, who was gone, and with her finger would write his name upon the sand, and as the next wave obliterated every trace of the writing, would tell them that the hopes and joys of this world are as transient. When the eldest son had arrived at the age of twelve, he was seized with an incurable desire of going to sea. He had heard sailors talk of their voyages, of visiting other climes and countries, and his imagination drew before him a thousand pleasures, could he also visit them. The remonstrances and entreaties of a tender parent, and an affectionate little brother, were, however, all in vain. At length, he wrung a reluctant consent from his mother, and receiving from her a *Bible*, and a mother's blessing, and prayers, he embarked on board a large brig. He promised his mother, as he gave a last parting hand, that he would daily read his Bible, and as often commit himself to God in prayer. A few tears and a few sighs escaped him, as he saw the last blue

tints of his native land fade from his sight ; for there were the cottage of his mother, and all the joys of his childhood: but all was novelty around him, and he soon forgot these pangs, amidst other cares and other scenes. For sometime, he remembered his promise to his mother, and daily read his Bible ; but the sneers of the wicked crew recalled his mind from reviewing the instructions of his pious mother, and he placed his Bible at the bottom of his chest, to slumber with his conscience. During a severe storm, indeed, when it seemed as if destruction was yawning to receive every soul on board, he thought of his mother, his home, his promises, and in the anguish of his heart, resolved to amend, should his life be spared. But when the storm had subsided, the seas were smooth, and the clear sun brought joy and gladness over the great waters, he forgot all his promises. No one of the crew could be more profane—no one more ready to scoff at that religion, which, in his childhood and innocence, he had been taught to love and revere.

After an absence of several years, this youth found himself once more drawing near his native land. He had traversed the globe ; but during all this time he had neither written to his mother, nor heard from her. Though he had thrown off restraint, and blunted the finer feelings of his nature ; yet his bosom thrilled with pleasure at the thought of once more meeting his parent and his brother. It was in the fall of the year he returned, and on a lovely eve in September, he walked towards his long-deserted home. Those only are acquainted with the pleasures of the country, who have spent their early days in rural

retirement. As the young sailor drew near the cottage of his mother—as he ascended the last sloping hill, which hid it from his sight, his memory recalled all the scenes of his “happier days,” while fancy whispered deceitfully that hours equally agreeable, would again be realized. The hills over which he had so often roamed—the grove through which he had so often wandered, while it echoed with the music of the feathered tribe; the gentle stream on whose banks he had so often sported; and the rising spire of the temple of Jehovah—all tended to excite the most interesting sensations. He drew near the cottage door, and found all was stillness. A solemnity seemed to breathe around him, and as he rapped at the door, his heart misgave him, though he knew not why. He knocked, but no one bade him enter. He called, but no answer was returned, save the echo of his own voice. It seemed like knocking at the door of a tomb. The nearest neighbor, hearing the noise, came and found the youth sitting and sobbing on the steps of the door. “Where,” cried he with eagerness, “where are my mother and my brother?—O, I hope they are not”—“If,” said the stranger, “you inquire for widow ——, I can only pity you; I have known her but a short time, but she was the *best* woman I ever knew. Her little boy died of a fever about a year ago, and in consequence of fatigue, in taking care of him, and anxiety for a long absent son at sea, the good widow herself was buried yesterday.” “O Heavens!” cried the youth, “have I staid only long enough to kill my mother! Wretch that I am—show me the grave—I have a dagger in my bun-

dle—let me die with my mother—my poor, broken-hearted parent!” “Hold, friend,” said the astonished neighbor; “if you are this woman’s eldest son, I have a letter for you, which she wrote a few days before she died, and desired you might receive it, should you ever return.”

They both turned from the cottage, and went to the house of the neighbor. A light being produced, the young man threw down his bundle, and hat, and read the following short letter, while his manly cheeks were covered with tears:—

“*My dearest, only son,*—When this reaches you, I shall be no more. Your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe he was prepared. I had fondly hoped, I should have once more seen you on the shores of mortality, but the hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by prayers, through all your wanderings. Often, while you little suspected it, even in the dark cold nights of winter, have I knelt, for my lost son. There is but one thing that gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to your Maker! I am too low to say more. My glass is run; as you visit the sods which cover my dust, O remember that you, too, must soon follow. Farewell—the last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you—that we may meet above.”

The young man’s heart was melted, in reading these few words from the parent whom he so tenderly loved; and I will only add, that this letter was the means, in the hands of God, of bringing this youth to a saving knowledge of the truth, as it is in Jesus; that he is now a very respectable

and pious man ; and that we may learn from Scripture, and from daily experience, that praying breath shall never be spent in vain.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come ;
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 'twas a mother gave
The gifts to one she'd died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son ;
And from the gifts of God above,
She chose a goodly one,
She chose, for her beloved boy,
The source of light, and life, and joy,—

And bade him keep the gift,—that, when
The parting hour would come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne ;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast,
If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing ;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember ! 'tis no idle toy—
A mother's gift—Remember, boy !

WOMAN.

IN no situation, and under no circumstances does the female character appear to such advantage, as when watching beside the bed of sickness. The chamber of disease may, indeed, be said to be woman's home. We there behold her in her loveliest, most attractive point of view, firm, without being harsh; tender, yet not weak; active, yet quiet, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, vigilant. Every sympathetic feeling, that so peculiarly graces the feminine character, is there called forth; while the native strength of mind that had hitherto slumbered in inactivity, is roused to its fullest energy. With noiseless step, she moves about the chamber of the invalid; her listening ear ready to catch the slightest murmur; her quick, kind glance, to interpret the unuttered wish, and supply the half-formed want. She smooths with careful hand the uneasy pillow, which supports the aching head, or with cool hand soothes the fevered brow, or proffers to the glared and parched lips the grateful draught; happy if she meet one kind glance in payment for her labor of love. Here is the low whispered voice, that breathes of life and hope—of health in store for happy days to come; or tells us of better and of heavenly rest, where neither sorrow nor disease can come—where the dark power of death no more shall have dominion over the frail, suffering, perishable clay. Through the dim, silent watches of the night, when all around are hushed in sleep, it is hers to keep lone vigils,

and to hold communion with her God, and silently lift up her heart in fervent prayer for the prolongment of a life, for which she cheerfully would sacrifice her own. And even when exhausted nature sinks in brief repose, forgetfulness is denied. Even in sleep she seems awake to this one great object of her care. She starts and rises from her slumbers, raising her drooping head, watches with dreamy eyes the face she loves, then sinks again to rest, to start with every chime of clock, or distant sound, that formerly had passed unheard, or only served as lullaby to her sweet sleep.

How lovely does the wife, the mother, the sister, or the friend become to the eye of grateful affection, administering ease, comfort—nay, almost life itself, to the husband, the son, the brother, or the friend.

AN EXAMPLE FOR MOTHERS.

WITHIN a short time I spent an evening with a gentleman of ardent piety, with whose conversation I was very much interested. Though not a literary man, his manners, property, vigorous and active mind, give him access to the first circles in society, and to several gentlemen who hold some of the most responsible offices in our land. It seems to me that there is something in his history, which must be exceedingly interesting to *pious mothers*, and may be instrumental in the salvation of precious souls.

He was born in Sweden. His father was an officer in the Swedish navy. But this son, when quite a young man, was impatient under the restraints at home, and, to use his own language, "was soon disposed to be off, and to act for himself." His conduct, however, was such as to give him promotion.—He soon obtained the command of a ship. In this situation, he felt his responsibility. When a storm threatened their safety, he thought of the property and lives of the men connected with his ship. After looking over his ship to see that everything was made as secure as it could be, he would retire to his cabin, take his Bible and read, and pray for the safety of his ship and men. He was not, however, experimentally acquainted with religion, but admitted the being of a God, and his providential government. The idea of God's providence impressed him much in times of danger; but when the storm was over, and the appearance of danger passed away, he used often to think there was no need of so much anxiety. But after a time his mind would be impressed again, and thoughts of God and eternity followed him, until he was convinced of the dreadful sinfulness of his heart and life, and was led to Christ, as the only refuge from the storm of Divine displeasure. But all his thoughts of religion, and those various reflections on the providence of God and eternal things, which led to his conversion and his present joyful hope of future, he traces to his instructions given him by his mother, when he was very young.

"When a little boy," said this now devoted Christian and gentleman, "I used to lay my head

on my mother's lap, to be combed and dressed, she would always be talking to me about religion, and those things, which respected my spiritual happiness. When I would look up, I often saw the tears running down her cheeks, and I was affected. And to those instructions and tears, under God, I trace all the serious impressions, which were made on my mind, and which became stronger and stronger, and led me as I hope to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of the world." O what a lesson of instruction and encouragement is this to pious mothers! Where is the mother who will not be induced *in* season, and *out* of season, and at all times, to talk to her children of things, which respect their salvation! Mothers, be faithful to your children. In the exercise of faith, impress on their minds the importance of eternal things; and you may hope, though your children should travel and die in distant lands, that your instructions will follow them, and be a savor of life unto life.

THE HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE following interesting facts are related of a woman, residing in —, who was awakened to a deep sense of her danger, while unreconciled to God, and powerfully convicted of sin, by the energies of the Holy Spirit. She had always been a constant attendant on public worship! respectful in her treatment of religion, and of re-

ligious persons, and strictly moral in her daily conduct. But her mind, as well as that of her husband, was wholly engrossed with the cares of this world; and they prospered in their endeavors to gain property, while they continued unmindful of the Author of all her mercies.

From the time that her attention was first excited, her convictions and distress of mind continued to increase, till they issued in a hope, that she had passed from death unto life. She then at a suitable time, offered herself to the church, and was received into their communion.

Her husband was a man, who was beloved by his companions, and being of a lively, social turn of mind, his company was much sought by those, who delighted in the merry jest, or the amusing tale. He was not an open opposer to religion; on the contrary, he was usually found in his place in the sanctuary, and treated serious things with much outward attention. Like thousands of others in a gospel land, he was thoughtless and careless respecting his best interests, yet, perhaps, thought and meant to die the death of the righteous. During the time his wife was under conviction, he manifested no concern, and no opposition. But the day, on which she united herself with the church, he was observed to have absented himself from the sanctuary. A neighbor, who called and invited him to attend, was answered in such a manner, as showed that the evil of his heart had begun to work. And in truth it had. As a family, they had lived harmoniously till now. But a division had taken place. Their feelings, their motives, their pursuits, and their interests were different. He felt that his companion had left him, and that he must

now tread the paths of sin alone. His selfish heart was grieved, and its bitterness was manifested by unkindness and reproaches. To human appearance, their domestic happiness had fled forever.

Mrs. —, took herself to the throne of grace, and spread her trials before her covenant God. Her prayer was heard, and the heart of her companion was deeply smitten, yet in a way, and by means totally unexpected.

Coming in from his labor, on the afternoon of Monday, he began to reproach his wife, for the transactions of the preceding day, and expressed his deep regret, that she should forsake his society for that of Christians; reminded her of the happy days they had seen; and lamented their present difference of feeling and interest.

Looking him full in the face, the tear of affection and pious concern stealing from her eyes, Mrs. — thus addressed him: "Husband, do you wish me to return to the same situation, I was before I found peace in Christ? Do you desire me to be a guilty unpardoned sinner, exposed to the wrath of a holy God? Are you willing that I should be destitute of holiness, filled with sin, and devoid of that peace, which I now possess? Do you imagine I shall be less affectionate, or less useful to you, because I am a Christian? Permit me to enjoy my religion in peace, and I promise never to disturb you by remonstrances, in any course you may see proper to pursue." Conviction seized upon his heart. Filled with distress, he hastily left the room, and sought a place where to weep. Conscience was now awake, reproaching him for his sin, and threatening the wrath of God. With tears of

penitence, he sought his injured companion, confessed the wrong he had done her, and intreated her prayers. With her this was a time of intense anxiety, and agonizing supplication. She felt that in all probability this was the crisis of his soul, and the decision of his eternal character. Her prayers were heard. God said to the troubled mind of Mr. —, "Peace, be still!" A new world opened to his view. Christ became the support and joy of his soul, and the gospel plan of salvation his only hope. In eight days from the time of his first impression, he found that the peace of God passeth all understanding. He united with the visible church, and is now an active, zealous and devoted Christian. The domestic altar is reared in his family, and that affection that formerly subsisted between him and his companion has received a tie, which shall never be dissolved; while they both look, with humble hope, to an eternal union beyond the grave.

EFFECTS OF PRAYER.

On the banks of the Saco, about a mile above a flourishing village, is a cluster of small houses, in none of which, a few years since, was there a single praying man. The occupants were reported to obtain their living almost wholly by stealing logs from the river, manufacturing them into shingles, and selling them for New

England rum! A man might be seen, sometimes, with a hand-sled, loaded with a bunch of shingles and a jug,—at other times with the shingles on his shoulders, and the jug in his hand, on his way to the village, to replenish his jug. The general character of the population corresponded with this specific trait.

There was, however, *one praying woman*, the wife of a drunken husband, who continued to pray, till death set her free from earthly trials, and introduced her to that world, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. This woman left behind her a daughter, who, soon after her mother was laid in the grave, began to seek after the Lord, and at length, obtained a hope of pardon. After her conversion, she removed to Boston, and while there, in comparative comfort and on good wages, she heard that her father was in the poor-house. She was distressed, not so much at his poverty, as the thought that no man cared for his soul. Filial duty and affection, sanctified and directed by Christian principle, prevailed. She came home—took him from the poor-house to the little old house by the river, and there watched, nursed, and instructed him, till he died. As a means of support, she then opened a school in the same house; on the very moderate terms of six cents and a quarter a week, for a scholar; she had sixteen scholars, which afforded her an income of one dollar. These same children with others she formed into a Sabbath school class, and instructed them from the scriptures on Lord's days. After her father died, and she had left the neighborhood, the house was taken possession of by another man.

The neighbors all said of him, *He will become pious, for there has always been one religious person in that house.* The children flocked to him, and besought him to keep Sabbath school, as Miranda did. He was perplexed—hesitated for a time; but, at length, complied, telling them to come on the Sabbath. They came—the lesson was soon said; for he could do nothing more than to hear them rehearse. He found himself in a new and trying situation. Miranda, he said to himself, could pray with you, and counsel, and exhort you, but I cannot. He felt that he was a sinner, and soon gave external indications of his inward feelings. His wicked neighbors pitied him. He sent for a professor of religion, who lived about a mile distant, from whose counsel and prayers he derived benefit, and at length obtained a hope. His wife soon followed him—the attention of neighbors was arrested—convictions were fastened upon their minds, a revival of religion prevailed, and as many as twenty obtained a hope—one of whom had been a drunkard, or rum-drinker for seventy years. Prayer meetings are now held on that spot, where once was heard the voice of profaneness, and those other abuses of speech to which addictedness to the bottle gives birth. What may not the supplications of one praying woman accomplish!

A WIFE'S PRAYERS BLESSED TO THE CON- VERSION OF HER HUSBAND.

IN the winter of 1822, says a correspondent of the Christian Index, I had occasion to pass what is called the fifty mile woods, leading from Lake Champlain to the county of St. Lawrence, N. Y. The houses on the road were from ten to twenty miles apart, and the weather being cold, it became necessary for me to stop for the purpose of warming. The house which I entered was of logs, and small—but tidy, and neat; and on entering I perceived that every thing bespoke the abode of industry, frugality and domestic quiet; so much so, that I said to a young woman, who, with her husband, was sitting by the fire—"You appear to be happy in your little log house." The woman replied, with much animation of countenance, "I do not think we depend for happiness on a large house." "What then?" "Religion," said she, "will make us happy, if anything." "Religion! have you any religion in this dense forest?"—"I think we have some. Are you a minister?" "Yes, I profess to be." She looked earnestly at me for a moment, and with a tear starting down her cheek said, "I have not been at a meeting, or heard a sermon preached for three years; but I have no reason to complain. O sir, you do not know how good the Lord has been to me—he has just given me my husband in Christ." She would have proceeded, but she was so overwhelmed by a consciousness of the Divine goodness, that for a time

her heart was too full to give utterance to her feelings. Seeing her emotion, I turned my inquiries to her husband, whose tears betokened the feelings of his heart. He remarked, "My wife was a Christian, when we moved here, three years since; she complained of nothing but her loss of religious privileges, till within a few months past, she became very anxious about me, so much so, that she wept and prayed with and for me, and talked to me about being a sinner, and of the danger I was in. I wondered at her anxiety, and at times suspected a want of kindness in her for thinking me such a sinner. But, O sir, when God gave me a sight of my own heart, I did not wonder that she wept;" and now he wept much. He proceeded—"But I trust I have found an interest in the pardoning mercy of God, and I thank God that he has given me a wife that could pray for me—" again he wept. His wife said, "O sir, you cannot think how happy I am. I have now a husband to go with me to the throne of grace. We are truly happy, though we can go to no meeting."

Though this interview took place a number of years ago—yet it is fresh in my mind. The hour I spent with that dear couple, whom I have not seen since, but whom, I trust I shall meet in heaven, was one of the happiest of my life; and as often as it recurs to my mind, it brings along with it the full conviction that believing husbands and believing wives have the greatest encouragement to seek the conversion of each other; and that the religion of Jesus Christ is a source of infinite and exalted happiness, given of

the Lord to man ; it sets privation at defiance, sweetens even affliction, adds to every blessing, and gives the soul an antepast of joys to come.

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

THERE was living, in the west of England, a widow lady, who was left with a family of seven daughters and one son. The daughters paid that respect to her, which was due to the parent that gave them birth ; but the son proved disobedient and refractory. After using every means that duty and affection could devise, and all in vain—the thoughtless youth left the house of a fond parent, in hopes of finding pleasure on board a vessel. The poor widow's mind was perpetually agitated by the thoughts of her lost boy : every breeze that blew increased her anxiety, and seemed to bear on its bosom the sad tidings, that her boy was no more ! Being often called to the metropolis, she would inquire of every master or mate she met with, whether he could give her any intelligence of her son.

On one occasion, she met with a captain, and inquiring as usual if he knew such a person, describing her son, he very imprudently said, “ He knew a person of the name, and description, but that he was at the bottom of the sea ; and if all like him were there it would be a good thing.” The poor mother's heart was ready to break with grief from the violence of such a shock, and it

was some time before she could recover. Agony preyed on her mind, and drank up her spirits: at length she resolved to return to the country, and spend her days in a seaport town, where she could feed her melancholy by looking on that ocean, that had devoured her child.

Sometime after she took up her residence in her new abode, there came to her door a poor distressed sailor, who asked relief and urged his plea by telling her he belonged to a vessel that was wrecked, and only himself and one more escaped on some broken fragments of the ship to a desolate island. His tale interested her mind, and induced her to make further inquiry, when he told her he should never forget the time he spent on that island, nor the words of his companion. She then asked the name of his fellow-sufferer, when a name like that of her son was mentioned. Begging of him to describe his person, it appeared the very same. "But do you not mistake?" said the mother. "No," replied the man; "and to convince you, I have his book in my bosom, and will show it you." Judge of her surprise, when, on opening the cover of a Bible, she discovered her son's name written by herself! "Will you part with that book?" said she. "Not for the world!" answered the sailor; "as I closed his dying eyes he gave it me, requesting me to read its contents, telling me that he had found it his support in death, and enjoined me with his last breath never to part with it. I was then a stranger to its worth; but, by reading its solemn truths, I have learned to know the Lord, and worlds would not tempt me to part with it!"

ANECDOTE OF A SEAMAN.

THE following anecdote was related at a late meeting of the London Seamen's Friend Society, by Captain Angus.

Fifteen years ago, I commanded a vessel in the merchant service ; it fell to my lot to lodge under the roof of a pious widow, who had a son, the support of her old age. This lad, who was about sixteen years of age, conducted himself with great propriety in his situation ; but all in a moment, like a clap of thunder, the report came to his mother's ears that he had committed an offence, which though morally speaking, was not of the most heinous nature, was nevertheless sufficient to touch his life. The poor mother, by the advice of some friends was induced to send her son to sea on board a man-of-war ; and who would have thought that, in sending him there, he was to meet the God of salvation, and be brought to the knowledge of the truth ! But God has his way in the deep. He had not been long on board H. M. S. the S——, before he became acquainted with a corporal of marines, the only man on board that ship, who knew the truth, and lived in the love of it. He began to speak to him, as every good seaman we hope will do, about the love of Christ, as exhibited on the cross, for poor sinners. This was the very conversation suited to his heart, whose crime was yet on his conscience ; and the pious man was glad to make known to him the only way of comfort in the word of life, which says, " Come unto me, all

ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This conversation was blessed to him, till he became a decided Christian. Thus these two small sparks in the midst of the ocean came in contact, and here they met under the scoffs and sneers of a licentious and wicked crew. These became three, and then four, and five, and so on, till in the course of time, fifty of their shipmates, among whom were some of the officers, became with them worshippers of the Lord Jesus Christ. You will readily believe how glad the heart of the poor widow was, when she had the first letter from her son, to find that the storm, which had seemed to threaten nothing but destruction to her peace, should break in blessings on her head. This vessel was four years on the Mediterranean, and was engaged in some of the most bloody battles, in particular, one with the Turkish squadron; and in that and in other battles, these humble followers of the Prince of Peace, despised as they were, gave the strongest proofs of their value, and their attachment to their king and country. When this vessel arrived in port, and was paid off, and every one rolled in money, and every thing tended to induce them to break allegiance with the Prince of Peace, they gave the noblest testimony that the work of God on their hearts was divine.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

THE mental fountain is unsealed to the eye of a mother, ere it has chosen a channel, or breathed. She may tinge with sweetness or bitterness the whole stream of future life. Others have to contend with unhappy combinations of ideas. She rules the simple and plastic elements. Of her, we may say, she hath entered into the magazine of snow, and seen the treasures of the hail. In the moral field, she is a privileged laborer. Ere the dews of morning begin to exhale, she is there. She breaks up a soil, which the root of error, and the thorns of prejudice, have not pre-occupied. She plants germs whose fruit is for eternity. While she feels that she is required, to educate not merely a virtuous member of society, but a Christian, an angel, a servant of the Most High, how does so holy a change quicken piety, by teaching the heart its own insufficiency !

The soul of her infant is uncovered before her. She knows that the images, which she enshrines in that unoccupied sanctuary, must rise before her at the bar of doom. Trembling at such tremendous responsibility, she teaches the little being, whose life is her dearest care, of the God who made him ; and who can measure the extent of a mother's lessons of piety, unless his hand might remove the veil which divides terrestrial things ?

“ When I was a little child,” said a good man, “ my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand on my head, while she prayed.

Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by the soft hand upon my head. When I was a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations. But when I would have yielded, that *same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure, as in days of my happy infancy; and sometimes there came with it a voice, in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed,—‘Oh, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.’”

THE PERSECUTING HUSBAND, AND HIS PIOUS WIFE.

AN English Missionary in the employment of the Baptist Home Missionary Society of London, was the means of converting a poor woman, the wife of a day laborer. Previously to this change, they had lived quite happily together; but now the husband became a bitter persecutor, and because his wife would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, and during the winter season. The wife being a prudent woman, did not expose this cruelty to her neighbors; but, on the contrary, to avoid their observation, she went into the adjacent fields, and betook herself to prayer. Greatly distressed, but not in despair, her only encour.

agement was, that with God all things are possible ; she therefore resolved to set apart one hour every day to prayer for the conversion of her persecuting husband. This she was enabled to do, without missing one day, for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband, she formed a second resolution to persevere for six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired, at about twelve o'clock as usual, and, as she thought, for the last time. Fearing that her wishes, in this instance, might be contrary to the will of God, she was about resolving no longer to urge her suit in that importunate manner, in which she had done, and was almost tempted to intermit wholly any special application to God, in behalf of her husband.

That same day, however, her husband returned from his labor in a state of deep dejection, and instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife followed and listened, and to her grateful astonishment, he who used to mock, had returned to pray. He came down stairs, but declined eating, and returned again until evening. When he came home, his wife affectionately asked him, "what was the matter?" "Matter enough," said he; "I am a lost sinner; about twelve o'clock this morning," continued he, "I was at my work, and a passage of scripture was impressed upon my mind, which I cannot get rid of, and I am sure I am lost." His wife encouraged him to pray; but he replied, "It is of no more use, there is no forgiveness for me." Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he said to his wife, "Will you forgive me?" "Will

you pray for me?" "Oh yes, that I will." "Will you pray for me *now*?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees, and wept, and made supplication. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy. Soon afterwards, this pious couple agreed to have their house registered as a place of worship, and the scene of solitary intercession became a house of prayer. In vain did the parish clergyman visit them, to reprove and menace them, and order them, to hold no more meetings for prayer. Their house was under the protection of the law, and their hearts under the influence of the Gospel. Like the two blind men that followed the Saviour, saying, Have mercy on us, when the multitude said they should hold their peace, they cried the more, a great deal. The consequence was, that their little habitation soon became too strait for the attendance;—and having by great economy, saved out of their scanty earnings, the sum of five pounds, they resolved to expend this, their little all, in the enlargement of their little dwelling for the accommodation of those, who wished to hear the Gospel. Accordingly, the wall of their house was carried back into the garden, and rebuilt with the wood and stone, which their neighbors carried to them for that purpose; and in a little time the enlargement was completed and paid for. There was not a horse or cart used upon the occasion; no loss of time, nor discord among the laborers; the wall was built, and the roof thereof joined together, for "the people had a mind to work."

Of this happy couple it may be recorded, that

having a church in their own house, consisting of from twenty to thirty members, of which he who was once a persecutor is now a deacon, and in the midst of which he reads the hymns every Sabbath day, they continue with one accord, eating their meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with the people. So strong is the conviction that a larger place of worship is needed, that a benevolent lady, who belongs to the established church, has kindly engaged to erect a meeting-house at her own expense, provided a suitable piece of ground can be obtained for that purpose.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

I HAD a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

But then there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed,
'Till harsh hands tore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

IT was thirteen years since my mother's death, when, after a long absence from my native village, I stood beside the sacred mound, beneath which I had seen her buried. Since that mournful period, great changes had come over me.—My childish years had passed away; and with them had passed my youthful character. The

world was altered too; and as I stood at my mother's grave, I could hardly realize that I was the same thoughtless, happy creature, whose cheek she so often kissed in her excess of tenderness. But the varied events of thirteen years had not effaced the remembrance of that mother's smile. It seemed as if I had seen her yesterday, as if the blessed sound of her voice was then in my ear. The gay dreams of my infancy and childhood were brought back so distinctly to my mind, that had it not been for one bitter recollection, the tears I shed would have been gentle and refreshing. The circumstance may seem a trifling one; but the thought of it, even now agonizes my heart,—and I relate it, that those children, who have parents to love them may learn to value them as they ought.

My mother had been ill a long time; and I had become so much accustomed to her pale face, and weak voice, that I was not frightened at them, as children usually are. At first, it is true, I had sobbed violently, for they told me she would die; but when, day after day, I returned from school, and found her the same, I began to believe she would always be spared to me.

One day, when I had lost my place in the class, and done my work wrong-side outward, I came home discouraged and fretful. I went into my mother's chamber. She was paler than usual,—but she met me with the same affectionate smile, that always welcomed my return. Alas, when I look back through the lapse of thirteen years, I think my heart must have been stone, not to have been melted by it.

She requested me to go down stairs, and bring

her a glass of water. I pettishly asked why she did not call the domestic to do it. With a look of mild reproach, which I shall never forget, if I live to be a hundred years old, she said, "And will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?"

I went and brought her the water, but I did not do it kindly. Instead of smiling and kissing her, as I was wont to do, I set the glass down very quick, and left the room.

After playing a short time, I went to bed without bidding my mother "good night;" but when alone in my room, in darkness and silence, I remembered how pale she looked, and how her voice trembled when she said, "Will not my daughter bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" I could not sleep; and I stole into her chamber, to ask forgiveness. She had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, and they told me I must not waken her. I did not tell any one what troubled me; but stole back to my bed, resolved to rise early in the morning, and tell her how sorry I was for my conduct.

The sun was shining brightly when I awoke, and hurrying on my clothes, I hastened to my mother's room.

She was dead!—She never spoke to me more—never smiled upon me again—and when I touched the hand, that used to rest upon my head in blessing, it was so cold, it made me start. I bowed down by her side, and sobbed in the bitterness of my heart. I thought then I wished I could die, and be buried with her; and old as I now am, I would give worlds, were they mine to give, could my mother but have lived to tell me,

she forgave my childish ingratitude. But I cannot call her back ; and when I stand by her grave, and whenever I think of her manifold kindness, the memory of that reproachful look she gave me, will “ bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder ! ”

THE BROTHERS' QUARREL.

OF the divided affections too often observable among brothers, a most remarkable instance happened a few years ago in the family of a gentleman in the north of Scotland. George and William Sterling were the only sons of the gentleman alluded to, and they had grown to manhood in the exercise of that mutual kindness, which it is so delightful to observe, in relations in that degree of consanguinity. I am not aware that there was anything remarkable in their characters ; they were simply two respectable young men of good education ; and while the elder was reared to the enjoyment of a competent fortune, the younger soon attained such a degree of distinction at the bar, as rendered his condition little less enviable.

On the death of their mother, which took place when they were between twenty and thirty years of age, some dispute arose respecting a legacy, the destination of which had not been expressed in terms sufficiently clear, and which, after a brief suit at law, was determined in favor of the elder brother. At first, it was resolved by the

two brothers that this plea should be amicably conducted, merely for the purpose of deciding an uncertain matter; but some circumstances unexpectedly occurred which, acting upon the inflammable nature of the elder, and not being met with a proper spirit by the younger brother, speedily produced a decided alienation between them. Each retired sullenly into the fortress of his own pride; nor were their father's entreaties and good offices, or their common recollections of twenty affectionate and happy years, of the least avail in bringing them once more together. They did not again meet for ten years, and then at their father's funeral. The old gentleman had died in the presence of his eldest son only, reiterating with his latest breath, those injunctions so often before employed in vain, that his two sons might be restored to brotherly friendship, an object, he said, which engrossed his thoughts so much in life, that he felt as if he could not rest at peace in his grave, unless it were accomplished. The two brothers met, but without taking the least notice of each other, when respectively mounting their carriages, in order to follow the corpse of their father to the family burying-ground, in Aberdeen. Their hearts were still filled with fierce and indignant feelings towards each other, though it is not improbable that the elder had been somewhat touched, almost imperceptibly to himself, by the dying entreaties of his father. The procession, consisting of a hearse and the carriages of the two brothers, set out on its long and dreary journey, which was rendered additionally melancholy by the gloom of a December day.

It was originally designed that there should be no stoppage, except to exchange horses, till they reached their destination; but this arrangement was destined to be strangely disconcerted. A fall of snow, which had begun only that morning in the low country, was found, when they reached the hilly region, to have been of two days' continuance; and it was with the greatest difficulty, that they reached a lonely inn, about half way towards the capital, beyond which, it was declared by the postilions, there was no possibility of proceeding that day. This humble place of entertainment was accustomed to lodge only such guests as carriers, and as it was partly occupied on the present occasion by various wayfarers; the host with all his anxiety to accommodate such distinguished guests, as those who had just arrived, found he could not by any means offer them more than two rooms. It was his expectation, that, while one of these was devoted, as decency required to the reception of the corpse, the other would serve for the two mourners; and he accordingly proposed to make up an additional bed in the room, which he had marked, as that which should receive his living guests. What was his astonishment, and what was the astonishment of all the inmates of the house, when he was informed by a servant, that one of the gentlemen would sleep in one of the rooms, while the other had no objection to that, in which he had placed the corpse! It was not for him, however, to make any resistance to such an arrangement, and he accordingly caused the rooms to be prepared, as befitted the tastes of his guests.

It must communicate a strange feeling to know

that two brothers, men of cultivated understandings, and each respected in his sphere, for public and private worth—actually carried this dreadful arrangement into effect, in order to avoid, what they must have contemplated as a more painful thing—the spending of a single night in each other's company. It was the younger, who proposed, as a solution of the dilemma in which he found they were placed, to take up his quarters in the same chamber with the corpse; unpardonable as the elder was for his share of the dissension, it was but justice to him to state, that he could not, after the dying request of his father, have encountered the sensations which might be expected to arise in so dreadful a situation. During the evening, as the storm prevented them from going out of doors, each kept his own room, and was severally served with the refreshments, which he required. Night came, and each went to rest. Morning returned, and still the storm was unabated. It was therefore necessary to spend another day in the same extraordinary circumstances. Slowly waned the hours of the twilight; and still the snow continued to fall in its broad and lazy flakes, seeming to the two brothers, as each surveyed it listlessly from his window, the very personification of monotony. As the rooms were close to each other, and only divided by a thin partition, through which there was a door of communication, each of the unhappy gentlemen could overhear every thing that his neighbor did, almost to his very breathing. It, at length, became the amusement of each, unknown to his fellow, to watch the proceedings of the other, to note every foot-fall, to register every

sigh. George, in particular, became interested, in spite of himself, in the situation of his brother, which, in consideration of what he had heard from the lips of his dying father, bore to him an aspect more repulsive and painful than perhaps to the actual sufferer.

At length, when after a weary day, the time of rest again drew nigh, and the house became more than usually still, he heard a groan—a groan partly suppressed, but still bearing distinctly the impress of unutterable anguish, proceed from his brother's room. He listened more intently, and in a few minutes he could make out that the living tenant of the death chamber was prostrated beside the coffin, weeping,—bitterly weeping—but still making every effort to bury the expression of his grief in his own bosom. It may easily be imagined that such sounds, coming upon a heart, which had insensibly been undergoing a softening process during the whole day, must have had the best effect. Still the rancor of ten years was not to be got over by tears shed under such circumstances. He softly stole, however, to the door, and watched with the most intense anxiety every respiration and movement of his afflicted brother. After waiting a few minutes, he distinctly heard William breathe forth the words, '*Oh mother!*' and that in a tone, which referred so pointedly to the source of their unhappy quarrel, that he could no longer entertain a doubt as to the nature of his brother's reflections. A thousand tender associations were awakened by that endeared word; he reverted to the early days, when they had no contention, but for her affections; no rivalry, but for the kind bounty, which she was

always ready to bestow upon each alike. Human nature could hold no longer, and he gently tapped at the door, which had hitherto kept them apart, "William," he said, "may I come in?" The voice of affection could not be mistaken—William opened the door in an instant, and, as if he had guessed intuitively the disposition of his brother, rushed into his arms.

The next day saw the two brothers amicably proceeding in one vehicle to the family burying place, where, in the grave of their father, they inhumed every bitter feeling they had entertained against each other; and at present taught by the sufferings, which they endured in their period of alienation, there is no pair of friends, who take such pains to cherish each other's affections, or to avoid all means of converting them into gall.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MINISTER.

THE SAILOR BOY.

THERE is something in the name of a widow, that connects with it an idea of desolation and loneliness. Especially, when we see the bereaved one, in the feebleness of her nature, no longer supported by the strong arm of man, struggling against the pressure of poverty, and the various ills of a new and untried state of being. Such were my thoughts, one morning, as I was making

my usual visits among the sick, that belonged to my flock, in a small, but beautiful village, in one of the Eastern States. The rays of an autumnal sun were shining bright and clear, reflecting gloriously the varied hues that were painted on the gay plumes of the dying summer, as I turned my horse's head down an unfrequented lane, that led to the widow Thompson's habitation.

As I approached the scene of suffering, I reflected that a few more visits, and my ministry would end—and thus it is with all earth's joys and sorrows—"they are but for a moment!" Mrs. T. had been left a widow, at an early period, with two small children. Edward, her oldest child, was a boy of uncommon promise;—she had given him the best education, which her circumstances would permit, and looked forward to the time when he would be able to comfort and cheer her in her old age. But she was disappointed. Before Edward had attained his fifteenth year, he made up his mind to go to sea. Every feeling of the mother's bosom revolted from the step he was about to take, and she earnestly entreated him to select some other way of life; but he had set his heart on it—his young imagination was filled with the idea of making a rapid fortune; and after many efforts to change his purpose, his mother, at length, consented.

He embarked in a merchant's vessel for India, hoping to return in a year. Four years had now elapsed, and no tidings of the vessel, or crew had ever arrived. For some time, she had supposed him lost, and many were the bitter tears and sleepless nights, she gave to the memory of her boy. But the period was fast approaching, when

her faith was to be again severely tried. Eliza, her sole remaining child, the only consolation and joy of the widow's heart, was about to be taken from her. She had grown up like a lily, fair and beautiful—but the roseate hue had faded from her cheek, and the lustre of her eye was dim. Death had laid his blighting hand upon the young flower. The nearer she approached the confines of eternity, the more clear and fervent became her faith in Christ. She felt deeply at leaving her lone and widowed mother, but she would frequently say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." As I alighted at the door of their humble dwelling, I heard the sound of voices and weeping within. I thought that death had anticipated my visit, and that the spirit of the suffering one had winged its way to Abraham's bosom. But no—far different was the scene I witnessed. Eliza was still an inhabitant of earth; she was supported in the bed by pillows; her mother sat at her head, and a young man dressed in the garb of a sailor, stood close beside her.

As I entered the room, he turned around, and I met the clear blue eye of Edward T——; the lost one had indeed returned. The ship in which he had sailed had been wrecked, and he, with two others, were the only survivors. For twelve days, they were exposed to the fury of the raging elements. On the morning of the thirteenth, when they were on the point of yielding up to despair, emaciated and worn out with suffering, they were providentially rescued from their perilous situation, by the crew of a French brig, and carried into Bourdeaux, in France; from thence

Edward sailed to South America. He had written several letters to his mother, but they had never reached her. "I have been a great sufferer," said he, "but thank God, I am spared to return to the home of my childhood. The Lord has been very gracious to me; I have seen his wonders in the great deep; I have felt his power amidst the war of elements, and heard his voice above the thunder of the storm. When lashed to the mast of the vessel, and tossed about upon the mountain billows, surrounded by a world of waters, the Lord appeared to me from above the clouds, placed my feet upon the eternal rock, and put a new song into my mouth. If you recollect, sir, you preached a sermon to the children in P——, about five years ago. I was present; my mother and sister were with me—we sat among the children, just before you. Your text was, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such are the kingdom of heaven.' Your address made a deep and lasting impression on my mind: I never forgot it. Our captain was a pious man, and, during our voyage, I had frequent opportunities for reading, prayer, and meditation; but it was not until we were exposed to all the horrors of a watery grave, that I felt the influence of the Holy Spirit. It was then your words came fresh and powerful to my memory, and though you sowed the seed on a far-off shore, the Lord caused it to take deep root, and spring up on the hulk of a dismantled vessel on the dreary waters, and behold the fruit of your labor and toil this day. I have passed through many scenes of suffering since, but blessed be God, the cross of Christ has been the sheet anchor of my soul, and the pole-star of my hopes."

I was deeply affected at the young sailor's narrative. We knelt at the throne of grace to return thanks to the God of all our mercies ;—his prayer was deep and fervent. Eliza lingered a few days after her brother's return, then her pure and happy spirit winged its flight to the realms of uncreated beauty. Edward is now the master of a fine ship, and the Bethel-flag constantly waves from its mast-head when in port. There is order among his sailors ; they have prayers night and morning on board, and ardent spirits are entirely banished from his vessel. His pious mother continually gives thanks to God, that she ever carried her dear boy to hear the children's sermon.

PREVALENCE OF A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

WHILE in the service of the Home Missionary Society, in the town of —, in the state of New York, observes a clergyman, I became acquainted with a family, which consisted of the father, and mother, and five sons. The first four of the sons were between fourteen and twenty-two years of age. Of this family, the only individual who professed religion was the female head, who had for several years been an ornament to the visible church. Soon after making a public profession of her faith, she felt it to be her duty and a most precious privilege, to dedicate her children to God in baptism. She led them to the altar, and

the emotions of her soul were unutterable. Her melting heart went up to God in supplication for his blessing on herself and her offspring. Fer-vent ejaculations, like the following ascended from her anxious spirit. "O Lord, give me grace to perform the conditions of this covenant into which I am now entering. Enable me to train up for thee, my dear children, which I now bring into thy temple to dedicate to thy service. Help me to instruct them; to pray for them, and to set a pious example before them. Ever impress my mind with the obligations which thy covenant lays upon me. O may I always feel that without thy grace to renew and sanctify my offspring, all my labors for their good will be unavailing. Now, Lord, give me faith to take hold upon th^e covenant for the sake of Jesus Christ, my Redeemer."

After these silent breathings of her soul to God, she reached out the hand of faith, and laid fast hold of that promise, where God engages to be a God to faithful believers, and their seed. When the seal of the covenant had been placed upon her children, she returned from the sanctuary thankful for the inestimable privilege which she had enjoyed. Never after did she forget the feelings, and the vows of that day. Her children were instructed in religion, and always were favored with a living example of its excellency.

When I first became acquainted with the family, the father was intemperate, and of course neglectful of business; and the children were mostly from home laboring to procure a comfortable support for themselves and their parents. Within a few weeks from the commencement

of my ministerial labors in that place, several of the sisters in the church (among whom was the mother of this family,) agreed to set apart a season at 11 o'clock each day, to implore the blessing of Almighty God on their respective families. Not long had this concert been observed, before it was ascertained that several individuals belonging to these families were convinced of sin, and anxious to know the way of salvation. The two eldest sons of this godly *mother* were among the inquirers. Encouraged by this discovery, she became uncommonly solicitous for the salvation of her children, especially those who were serious.

One day, after coming from the 11 o'clock concert, she said to a Christian friend, "I have had peculiar exercises to day, while praying for my family. I believe the Lord is about to do a great work for me, and that one of my children is *now*, or will very soon be a *Christian*." Her sons were at this time, as I mentioned above, living from home in another neighborhood. The evening of the same day, I had a lecture in that section of the town, and the second son was present. While the people were assembling, as I stood at the door of the school-house, this youth came to me with tears of joy, and in a low tone of voice said, "I hope I have found the Saviour! He appears precious to me! I don't know but I am deceived, but I hope not." After giving him some advice, the people being collected, I went into the meeting. This young man, who before was gay and thoughtless, has from that time given evidence of a saving change. Now, whether God, at this day, does sometimes give intimations

to his children, that their prayers are heard and answered, I will not attempt to decide.

The same mother had similar feelings at another time, respecting another of her sons, who was hopefully converted. And this lady is not inclined to enthusiasm. She is a person of talents and considerable information, but it is not my design in this paper to discuss curious questions. My object is simply to relate some striking facts which stand connected with the prayers of this mother in Israel. In about two weeks from the lecture just mentioned, her oldest son came out boldly on the Lord's side. In two months more the fourth son, after having been deeply impressed for some time, began to express a trembling hope, that his sins were pardoned. Three months later the father was brought to feel himself to be a guilty, perishing sinner. His soul was full of anguish, in view of his past sinfulness of heart and life. After a week of restless nights and anxious days, he submitted to Christ. Three months from this the third son, (the only adult member of the family, who remained unaffected,) was pricked in the heart, and cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" In a few days his soul found peace in the Saviour.

The father and four sons have all united with the church of which the mother was a member. I have seen this praying woman communing at the Lord's Table with her husband, and all her adult children. And I have heard this father and each of these sons at different times lead in family worship. Two of the sons are now studying for the gospel ministry.

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I SAW a little cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few moments it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valley and meadow, receiving each tributary rill, which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country.

I saw a little seed dropped into the earth. The dews descended ; the sun rose upon it ; it started into life. In a little time it spread its branches and became a shelter from the heat, "and the fowls of heaven lodged in its branches."

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat from her lips, one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time I saw him with the books of the classics under his arm, walking alone, buried in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath School, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In a few months, I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." I looked and saw that same mother, at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lisp the name of Immanuel. Her

hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eye, glistening with a tear; and I thought I saw in that tear, the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to days gone by, when this Boanerges was first putting into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction, and inquiring in child-like simplicity, the way to be good; and I said this is the rich harvest of a mother's toil; these are the rich sheaves of that precious seed, which probably was sown in weeping, and shall bring down your gray hairs, not "with sorrow to the grave," but in the bower of rest, you shall look down on him, who "will arise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.

MATERNAL PIETY.

2 Timothy i. 5.

WHEN I say that there is a connexion between the piety of mothers, and the salvation of their children, I do not mean the connexion which God has instituted in the covenant of grace, for this covenant applies equally to both parents. There is something peculiar in the case of a mother; so that independently of the covenant of God, maternal piety is more likely to be followed by the conversion of children, than the piety of a father.

1. This connexion is very simple. *A mother's piety is peculiarly affectionate.* There is nothing severe or ceremonious in its exercise; but it mingles itself with the numberless little natural kindnesses, by which the heart of a child is won, and acquires a hold on the first rising affections of his mind. A pious mother, while she watches over her sleeping, or sick child, while she guides his tottering steps, or furnishes him for his school, or his pastime, or leads him up to the house of God, has a yearning of the soul over his soul, and cherishes and often expresses a feeling of solicitude for his eternal welfare, which diffuses a restraining and chastening influence over his mind, while it is precious also in the sight of God. Her prayers, which she pours out over him, are in those wonted accents of tenderness and love, which have always soothed his mind, and kindled his affection. Her counsels, and admonitions, and chastisements, are the manifest dictate of a heart laboring with desires for his conversion and salvation, and carry with them, on that account, an authority, which truth and reason alone would be unable to exert.

2. *A mother's piety is familiar.* It labors with her child, and before God in his behalf, in a style, which he understands and feels. The language of her counsels and her devotions is a simple and artless expression of her desires adapted to his youth, his inexperience, his infirmities and temptations. It comes home to his heart. He recognizes the voice that speaks to him to be the same which has always lulled him into his evening slumbers, and greeted him with morning salutations; and he feels that it means as much

kindness for him, when speaking in counsel, or in prayer, as when it has soothed his pains, or tempted his smiles, or encouraged his festivities. If a father's efforts for the spiritual good of his child produce more of reverence, solemnity and fear; yet a mother applies herself more directly to the heart, and fastens there a cord, which holds the affections and the sensibilities, when the other more powerful emotions have subsided. A mother will teach her child, will soften, or restrain, or encourage him, with incomparably more facility and effect than any other individual. She will fix in his mind an outline of the whole history of the Bible, of its system of doctrines and precepts, sooner and better than any other person, can initiate him into the first principles of Divine knowledge. He understands her tones, her looks, her gestures. They all speak to him, and they fix an impression, which is always sure and abiding. And there is no time, when a pious mother cannot have access to her child. How soon will she penetrate his heart, and ascertain the causes of all his troubles, how soon will she allay the storm of passion, how soon apply to him the admonitions of Providence, how soon excite an inquisitive spirit, and how successfully follow up a father's sterner reproof and correction, with heart-breaking expostulations, reducing him to penitence and fortifying him against future temptation. A pious mother is a sort of better conscience to a child, a messenger of God ever the most ready and the most able, next to the Holy Spirit, to rescue him from the power of his depravity, and turn his feet into the paths of peace.

3. *A pious mother has peculiar opportunities*

of saving her children. She is ever at their side to restrain their corrupt propensities, to regulate their inordinate desires, and encourage them to obedience. She can turn almost every event of Providence into an occasion of salutary instruction, can mingle counsel as it were with their medicine and their food, can be ever distilling upon them the wholesome words of eternal life, as the dew upon the tender herb, and the soft rain that waters the earth. Her mind is not burdened with cares for their sustenance, but with anxieties for their salvation; and while preparing for them their raiment, while superintending their tasks or their sports, she can be lifting up to God her desires for their everlasting happiness. Her watchful eye can pierce through their duplicity, and search out their secret sins, while the leisure that God gives her for this very purpose can be employed in explaining to them the obligations and sanctions of the Divine Law, the nature of their corruptions, the consequences of their sins, and the way of salvation, through the atoning sacrifice of Christ. It is hers to commend them to God, when she commits them to their pillows, and when she leads them out to the employment of the day. They may enjoy her guidance as their constant monitor, till they are qualified to go out to another residence; and her daily prayers, and frequent correspondence may afterwards keep alive the precious instructions of their childhood, and procure for them the better teaching and direction of the Holy Spirit. To the mother belongs most appropriately the duty and privilege of administering line upon line, and precept upon precept. To bring up her children

for God is her great business, her honorable distinction, and it is connected in the Divine Providence with results the most encouraging and glorious. Not indeed that there is any intrinsic efficacy in the means, which she employs, not that any means will *necessarily* procure the salvation of the soul: but so it is that God accomplishes the purposes of his mercy. He saves according to his pleasure ; but he saves by instruments naturally fitted for his purpose. He sanctifies the mother's heart, that heirs of glory may be educated for his kingdom. He blesses her counsels and her prayers, because to this end he so qualified her to promote the interests of his kingdom.

NEVER DECEIVE CHILDREN.

A mother was once trying to persuade her little son to take some medicine. The medicine was very unpalatable, and she, to induce him to take it, declared it did not taste bad. He did not believe her. He knew by sad experience, that her word was not to be trusted. A gentleman and friend who was present, took the spoon and said,

“James, this is medicine, and it tastes very badly. I should not like to take it, but I would, if necessary. You have courage enough to swallow something, which does not taste good?”

“Yes,” said James, looking a little less sulky, “but this is very bad indeed.”

“I know it,” said the gentleman, “I presume you never tasted anything much worse.” The gentleman then tasted of the medicine himself, and said, “it is really very unpleasant. But now let us see if you have not resolution enough to take it, bad as it is.”

The boy hesitatingly took the spoon.

“It is, really, rather bad,” said the gentleman, “but the best way is to summon all your resolution and down with it at once, like a man.”

James made, in reality, a great effort for a child, and swallowed the dose. And whom will this child most respect, his deceitful mother, or the honest dealing stranger? And whom will he hereafter most readily believe? It ought, however, to be remarked, that had the child been properly governed, he should at once, and without a murmur, have taken what his mother presented. It is certainly, however, a supposable case, that the child might, after all the arguments, refuse to do his duty. What course would then be pursued? Resort to compulsion, but never to deceit. We cannot deceive our children without seriously injuring them, and destroying our own influence. Frank and open dealing is the only safe policy in family government, as well as on the wider theatre of life. The underhand arts and cunning manœuvres of the intriguer, are sure, in the end, to promote his own overthrow.

Be sincere and honest, and you are safe. The only sure way of securing beneficial results is by virtuous and honorable means.

THE COLLIER BOY.

By a sudden burst of water some time ago into one of the New Castle coal-pits, thirty-five men and forty-one boys were driven into a distant part of the pit, from which they could not return, until the water was drawn off: while this was doing, though every means were used, the whole number died, one after another, either from being starved, or suffocated; when the bodies were drawn up from the pit, seven of the boys were found in a cavern by themselves. Among these was one of very moral and religious habits; who used to comfort his poor widowed mother, by daily reading the scriptures to her, when he came up from his labor. After his funeral, a friend went to visit her. While the mother showed him, as a relic of her son, his Bible, worn and soiled by constant reading, he happened to cast his eyes on a candle-box, with which, as a miner, he had been furnished; and which had been brought up from the pit with him. There he discovered one of the sweetest records of his filial affection and steadfast piety, that one ever heard of. In the darkness of the suffocating pit, with a bit of pointed iron, he engraved on the box, his last message to his mother, in these words: "Fret not, my dear mother; for we were singing and praising God, while we had time. Mother, follow God more than ever I did. Joseph, be a good lad to God and mother."

THE PRAYING MOTHER.

IN a seaport town in New England, lived a pious mother of six daughters. At the age of sixty, she had been, for many years, subject to disease and infirmity, which confined her to her house, and almost to her room. In an interview with a friend, one day, she said, "I have not, for many years, enjoyed the pleasure of going to the house of God with his people, and taking sweet counsel with them. But I have another source of grief greater than this—one that weighs down my spirits day and night, while disease and pain bear my body towards the grave."

Her friend tenderly inquired the cause of this peculiar grief. She replied, "I have six daughters; two are married and live near me, and four are with me; but not one of them gives any evidence of piety. *I am alone.* I have no one for a Christian companion. O that even *one* of them was pious, that I might walk alone no longer."

Such was her language. Yet she seemed submissive to the will of God, whatever it might be, having strong confidence that in his own good time, he would answer her daily prayers, and in a way, which would best advance his glory.

Not long after the above interview, a revival of religion commenced in the town, in which she lived. Among the first subjects of this work were four of her daughters. A fifth was soon added to their number; but the other, the eldest, remained unmoved. One day, one of the

young converts proposed to her mother and her converted sisters, to observe a day of fasting and prayer for the sister, who continued so insensible. The agreement was made, and a day observed. Of this, the subject of their prayers had no knowledge. But *on the same day*, while engaged in her domestic concerns at home, her mind was solemnly arrested; and she was soon added to the Christian sisterhood. The praying mother lived a few years to enjoy their Christian society. They surrounded her dying bed, received her last blessing, and unitedly commended her spirit to God.

Parents are apt to rest contented, if one or two of their children become converted, on the ground, that it is too much to expect *all* to become the subjects of sanctifying grace. This opinion is obviously founded upon unbelief—upon circumscribed views of the free and rich grace of the Gospel. The conversion of one child may well be employed as an argument with God, to extend his pardoning mercy to others. The power which subdues is never weakened, how often soever it is exercised; nor is the fountain of Jesus' blood diminished in virtue, how deep and numerous the stains are, which it washes away. Let Christian parents not be indifferent to the privilege, which they enjoy, of asking indefinite spiritual blessings for their households—nor neglectful of the duty inculcated in the parable, by which Jesus Christ taught that “men should always pray, and never faint.”

THE DEATH BED.

“ O for an overcoming faith,
 To cheer my dying hour,
 To triumph o’er the monster, death,
 And all his frightful power ! ”

WITH the subject of the following sketch, I had been intimately acquainted for several years. She was an exemplary member of the church, and a most indulgent mother of the little flock, the care of which the Lord had devolved upon her. As a wife and friend, she was loving and beloved. Early in life, her disease commenced the ravages, which ultimately proved fatal :— even while her children were very young, she was destined to an early grave.

The hour of parting with her children was one of deep interest. She anticipated it, and leaning on the arm of her Almighty Friend, she stood prepared, and serene and calm met the shock of nature, and triumphed over it.

A few days previous to her decease, one of her brothers, to whom she was particularly attached, came in to see her, and addressed her, saying, “ Well, sister, you are still with us a little longer in this troublesome world.” She replied, “ Yes, but it will not be long ; I have nearly reached the end of my journey, and will soon leave you all.” “ But do you not feel some reluctance at the thought of leaving all your little motherless children here ? ” “ O brother, *I* have no children.” “ Why, sister, you forget, surely your mind must be somewhat affected ;

don't you forget? O, brother, they are the *Lord's* children. They were his before he put them into my hands. He gave them to me to take care of them for him, and I have tried to do so, and I have long ago given them all back to him as his own,—they are not mine. While I was with them, he himself had to take care of and keep *me*; and now he no longer needs my care of *them*, but knows how to take care of them in the very best way, and he will do it."

Such were the death-bed feelings of one of the kindest of mothers, when looking round on her little flock, who stood by her bed-side, weeping indeed, but unconscious of the greatness of the loss they were soon to sustain. On the day she departed, I was with her, sitting by her bed-side, when she still retained the most perfect exercise of her mind. I spoke to her of her departure, as being not far distant. She answered me,—“O, I would rejoice that the hour were come! When will my Lord come, and take me to himself?” I suggested to her, that the Lord would have her to be patient and resigned, to wait his time.” She answered, “O yes, the Lord's time is best; I would not go a moment before it is his will I should go. Let him do with me as he sees best. Still, I long to depart, and be with Christ, which is far better.” I asked her, if she could trust herself in the hands of Jesus Christ. She replied, “O yes, I can trust *all* in his hands. I know that my Redeemer lives, and that I shall see him for myself, and not another.” A few minutes (not exceeding five) before she breathed her last, she elevated both her hands, and with a voice to be heard all over the room,

she exclaimed, "*Come—come—Lord Jesus—come quickly!*" Her arms sunk down on her bosom, her breathing became soft, and, without a struggle or groan, she sweetly slept on the bosom of her God.

Well might a Balaam have cried out at such a sight: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Blessed, blessed religion, that can not only beguile the toils, and soothe the ills of *life*, but *unsting death* itself, by faith in the promise of the Lord. What has the world to compare with this triumph, of an affectionate dying mother! Let earthly minds divide among themselves all they can find beneath the sun; but give me my God. Let me walk with him while I live, and when I die, let his rod and staff comfort me, and his smile cheer me; and I can joyfully yield to others the richest boon of earth, while I triumphantly exclaim—

Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets my longing soul at large;
Unbinds my chain, breaks up my cell,
And gives me with my God to dwell!

"MOTHER, I WILL GO."

SOME years since, a fine young man, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, on becoming of age, and receiving his patrimony, entered into company, and indulged in the dissipa-

tion of genteel society. Her watchful eye saw his danger, pointed out its tendency to ruin of body and soul, and used every argument, persuasion, and entreaty in vain. One day, she learned he was to dine with a large and jovial party, and she spent the forenoon in persuading him to relinquish it, but all in vain. "Mother, I will go!" "Then, John, I will retire to my closet, and pray for you, till I see your face again." He went to the party, but could find no enjoyment; the thought of his mother being on her knees, wrestling with God in prayer for him, formed such a contrast to the scene before him, that he slipped away—found his mother in the act of prayer—knelt down by her—fell on her neck—and from that day became the delight of his pious mother's heart: a brand rescued from the burning. A religious parent's prayers are never offered in vain.

A WARNING TO WICKED PARENTS.

A few days since, in one of my pastoral visits, I called on a family, the female head of which was the daughter of a Baptist minister, and had once been a member of a Methodist church. But she had grievously fallen away from her profession. She was now living without a Bible in her house, and had not attended public worship for more than two years. She had an interesting little daughter, an only child, about seven years

old. I urged her to send this child to the Sabbath School. But having often said before that she would *rather see her child dead*, than at the Sunday School, she still refused to send her. I urged upon her conscience the sinfulness of her conduct, and left her in tears. After I was gone, the little girl, who had heard our conversation, began to tease her mother to let her go to the Sunday School, and asked her, among other things, why she did not learn her to pray, and teach her about God, and how to be good, as some of the neighbors did their children. The whole scene, and remarks from myself and the child, overcame the stubbornness of the mother, and she promised the little girl that she should go, as she had requested on the next Sabbath, and made the necessary preparations for sending her. This took place on Wednesday ;— on Friday, the child was taken violently sick, and on the Sabbath she died. Thus this wretched mother had her choice, and saw her daughter dead, instead of being at the Sabbath School, on the very day she had intended to send her. She sent for me, and related all the circumstances, with such anguish as cannot be described.

BE YE WISE AS SERPENTS.

Mrs. A. made a profession of religion in 1826. Mr. A. is not a professor, though he is kind to his wife, affords her every opportunity of attending religious meetings, &c. In return, Mrs. A. is frequently talking of her husband's being "quite hardened and thoughtless." In the presence of both strangers and neighbors, she will say, "O, Mr. A. I wish you would get religion—I wish you would." Now, all this is doubtless true, and he ought to be reminded of it by the wife of his bosom, and in such a manner as to convince him that she prays for him, and *feels* more than she *expresses*. But she has talked to him so much, and in so improper a manner, as that I wonder he bears it, when I remember that his "mind is at enmity against God." Yet he does bear it, and apparently without irritation; but it is evident that his respect and affection for his wife are gradually diminishing. He has become so accustomed to this "clinking" of the house bell, that it makes no good impression on him. Once, pious conversation affected him; now, it does not, and he is gradually losing his respect for religion. His wife, hopefully *very* pious, but injudicious, is making sad work with him. Wives! take care how you talk to your non-professing husbands. "Be ye wise as serpents." Live religion. Pray much, and choose out acceptable words and seasons.

THE CHURCH CONERENCE.

A LITTLE number of the members of the church had assembled in the house of God, to review their religious experience. A man in the midst of life arose and said: —“ Whenever I examine the evidence, on which my hope, that I am a Christian, rests, my thoughts recur to a passage of my *early* history. It was the habit of my mother, when I retired to bed, to teach me to pray, and occasionally to give me religious instruction. One evening my attention was awakened by my mother’s words, and I dwelt upon them in the night with great interest. I seemed to be able to address my thoughts to the Saviour, and to cast myself upon his mercy. And, as far as I can judge, my sentiments and feelings were then of the same cast as those, which now enter into my religious character, and which I hope, are truly *Christian*.” His father, an old and respectable member of the church, addressed him, and said, — “ David do you not remember the conversation I held with you in the garden, when you was a boy, one morning respecting the interests of your soul? I asked you if you ever thought of divine and eternal things; and you replied with tears:” — “ They are in my thoughts, father, all the time.” The child could not forget the evening when the sweet voice of his mother, (who long since had fallen asleep,) persuaded him to trust in the Saviour; nor the father, the morning, when he saw the tears of penitence, as he hoped, bedew the cheeks of his little son. Some

thirty years had passed away; and this was the first time, that the father and the son had compared their interesting recollections with each other.

I said to myself, it is not certain my instructions and admonitions do not impress my children's hearts, because they do not immediately exhibit the ripe fruits of piety. Divine truth may begin "to take effect," long before any marked and clear indication of its influence shall meet even a father's eye.

When pious parents and pious children meet together in "the sweet fields" above, and, beneath the shadow of Messiah's throne, repeat to each other the story of their salvation, with what touching recollections will they not mutually delight each other!



AFFECTION TO PARENTS REWARDED.

FREDERIC, the late king of Prussia, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the door, where his servant was usually in waiting, and found him asleep on a sofa: he was going to awake him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket.

Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in distress, and concluding with beseeching God to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

The king returned softly to his room, took a rouleau of ducats and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his apartment, he rung so violently, that the page awoke, opened the door and entered. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an apology, and in his embarrassment happened to put his hand in his pocket, and felt with astonishment the rouleau. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word. "What is the matter?" said the king, "What ails you?" "Ah, sire," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket." "My friend," said Frederic, "God often sends us good in our sleep: send the money to your mother, salute her in my name; and assure her that I shall take care of her and you."

Parents have a natural claim on their children for support; and relieving aged parents, when bodily strength decays, infirmities and wants increase, is not only an act of mercy and true benevolence, but also an act of justice,—an imperious duty,—a repaying in kind what they did for their children, in their tender helpless years.

THE SAILOR'S FAITH.

A WILD young man, who had, contrary to his father's advice, left his paternal roof, to follow the sea, desires to record the following facts to the honor of his God. His father was a man of piety, and was in the habit of daily family prayer. As the vessel was on her homeward voyage from Europe, she was overtaken by a dreadful storm, by which she was driven to and fro by the fierce winds, and finally sprung a-leak. In this perilous situation the hearts of the crew began to fail them; for, notwithstanding the pumps were worked with all diligence, the leak gained fast upon them, until finally all hopes of saving the ship forsook them, and they gave themselves up for lost. This thoughtless youth now began to remember the prayers of his father, and took to prayer for himself and shipmates. Being the mate of the vessel, the captain came to him, and in great perturbation said, "We are lost! the vessel will float but a short time longer!" To this the mate answered not, but continued walking fore and aft, in a thoughtful and praying mood. "At last," says the mate, "I gave a shout of joy, crying out, We are safe! We are safe! We cannot be lost, neither can the vessel sink." The captain asked with great earnestness for reasons, as the appearance of things was so unfavorable. The mate, however, instead of stopping to explain his reasons, instantly laid hold of the pump, saying with a loud voice, "My father's hour of prayer is come, and he is now

interceding in my behalf!" The others seeing my joyful countenance, my faith, and exertions, seized hold of the pump also. We accordingly succeeded in keeping the vessel afloat, until the wind abated, the sails set, and we finally arrived safe in port. This remarkable providence was a means of leading the prodigal youth to his heavenly Father's house, and to the Saviour's love, in which he is now rejoicing.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

CAPTAIN —, of —, was, about seven years since, awakened to the concerns of his soul. He continued anxious for some time, and though he did not give up his heart to God, still he continued serious, and so far as his business would permit, attended to religious instruction. About five months since he returned from a voyage, at a time when a protracted meeting was in progress in his native town, the effects of which were witnessed in a multitude of those who were anxious. When this state of things was known to Captain —, he felt and said, that this was the last call that God would ever give him, and that, if he did not obtain the forgiveness of his sins during the few days he had to remain in port, in all probability he must die without hope. So far as practicable, he attended the exercises of the protracted meeting, and other meetings. Many prayers were offered for him. A pious

mother and many other friends, the church and their minister, plead with him, and with God. But his heart did not break. In case the weather was favorable, he was to sail on Thursday, and it was now Wednesday; the heavens were clear and the winds were gently blowing. With what feelings would a pious mother, and other friends offer their evening sacrifice, and ask the blessing of God on a dear friend, whose eternal destiny seemed about to be sealed? They prayed—not as formerly, that God would give him a new heart—but that he would graciously send a storm to disturb the bosom of the mighty deep, till their friend should find peace in believing. And soon the heavens gathered blackness, and the waves ran mountains high. Now hope was encouraged, and prayer was ardent. But the day passed away—the night came, and the sailor was an anxious sinner still. Friday morning came; a lovelier morning never dawned; for the sun rose without a cloud; the winds were hushed; the ocean was calm as the summer evening; and everlasting thanks to him who heareth prayer, the clouds of thick darkness of unpardoned sins had passed away from the sailor's mind, and after a few moments of social thanksgiving, he went to sea, in the judgment of charity, a pious, praying captain.

EVIL EFFECTS OF INDULGING A CHILD IN VAIN PLEASURES.

Mrs. B. received a religious education, and in early life, thought she was made a subject of renewing grace. She and her husband, soon after they were married united with the church in G——, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. ——. For several years, both were regarded somewhat eminent for their piety, and love of every good work. Mrs. B. possessed naturally an unusual degree of versatility of mind, yet she was much beloved as a neighbor and a Christian. The sisters in the church would frequently refer to her as one, whose example they considered worthy of imitation. Thus years passed away.

Mrs. B. became the mother of several interesting children. The eldest was a daughter. As her intellectual powers began to expand, she was regarded by her parents, and I think I may say, by others, as a child of uncommon promise. Eliza, for this was her name, soon began to engross the attention of her parents, and to become the all-absorbing theme of their conversation, both at home and abroad. At the early age of twelve years, she was thrust into the society of those much older than herself, to engage in the vanities of youth, and was received by the young people of the village, for her parents' sake, with tokens of respect. From this time, Mrs. B. made frequent parties of pleasure for the purpose of "*bringing Eliza forward, so*

that she might appear respectable." The girl's vanity was greatly increased, and her mother was disposed to gratify it to the utmost extent. Mrs. B. spent no small portion of her time in making dresses, and preparing her daughter for the-ball room, or the pleasure-party. Some of the pious members of the church intimated to her, that she was too fond of having her daughter engage in such vanities, but to no purpose. She was her idol, and her wishes must be gratified.

At length, God, who will not give his glory to another, visited this family with distressing sickness—Mrs. B. was brought low by a raging fever. Her physician and friends considered her case desperate, and Mrs. B. had no expectation herself of recovering. In this trying hour, she thought of the God she had robbed—the Saviour she had abused. But a heavy, an impenetrable cloud hung over her soul. Jesus hid his face, and none could comfort her. When pointed to the Saviour and reminded of the fullness of the atonement, and Christ's willingness to receive all who would come to him, she replied, "Others may hope, but there is no hope for me." It was evident, she could not survive many days, and she appeared to have no doubt her portion must be with the damned. Her reason was continued to the last, and she would frequently request her minister and Christian friends to pray with her; but with almost the same breath would say, "It is of no use: God will not hear prayers offered for me: pray for my family—pray for those who have not thus abused the Son of God." As her daughter passed through the room, a little

before her death, Mrs. B., with indescribable anguish depicted upon her countenance, fixed her eyes upon her, and exclaimed, with a tone which seemed to proceed almost from the prison of despair, "*O Eliza, you have been the cause of all this. I have made you my idol, and thus destroyed my soul. O, if you had died in your infancy, my soul might have been saved; but now there is no hope for me; I must be damned.*"

Her situation excited the sympathies of her friends and neighbors, and many repaired to her bedside, during the last days of her sickness. In a most solemn manner, she warned several members of the church to avoid the course she had pursued,—not to place their affections too much upon their children, or encourage them in vain pursuits. "Here," said she, "you see the consequences of such a course."

"The dear delights we here enjoy,
Are but a foe to grace."

She died after a few days of unutterable anguish of soul, leaving her companion and friends to reflect upon the sad consequences of loving son or daughter more than Christ.

THE CONVERTED HUSBAND.

IN a village in one of the New England states, some years since, at the commencement of a powerful revival of religion, among other individuals who came to converse with their minister upon religious topics, was a Mrs. B., the mother of a large and interesting family. Two of her children had already grown to maturity. She informed her pastor that she had entertained a hope of an interest in Christ for sixteen years; but that she had been induced to defer uniting herself to the people of God by the remonstrances of her husband. By his great kindness, he had acquired such an ascendancy over her affections, that to please him, had been, she feared, the chief object of her wishes and pursuits. Within a few weeks, her eyes had been opened to perceive the superior claims of the Gospel. She now realized for the first time that her husband and children were travelling the broad road together. They never had reared a family altar.

Although from custom they frequented the house of God on the Sabbath, yet the truths of the Bible had never found a lodgement in any of their hearts. She now felt satisfied that it was her duty to take up her cross and follow Christ. "I have been deluded," said Mrs. B., "by the belief that my way was hedged up by an insurmountable obstacle. I have substituted the good opinion of my husband, for the approbation and smiles of my Saviour." "I advise you to converse with your husband on the subject," said

her minister. Mrs. B. replied, "I have of late repeatedly urged my husband to yield his consent; but he says, if I profess religion, he will never live with me another day. Though I fear the consequences of going forward in the way that my conscience dictates, may be painful, yet I fear still more the evils that threaten my family, if I continue to neglect a known and positive duty." Her minister promised to propound her for admission.

On returning home from worship, on the day that she was received into the church, Mr. B. told his wife, as she knew his mind on the subject of her professing religion, he should be consistent with his former declarations, and ordered separate lodgings to be prepared for him that night. His wife silently and implicitly acceded to his wishes.

The next morning, he told his family that imperious business called him from home, to be absent a few days. His horses and carriage were soon in readiness, and he hastily and abruptly left his dwelling.

Mrs. B. now felt the necessity of exercising that faith, which is as an anchor to the soul. But she said within herself, "Shall a man complain for the punishment of his sins?"

Immediately on Mr. B.'s leaving home, Mrs. B. requested her eldest daughter to manage the household concerns in the best manner she was able, that she might herself enjoy the privilege of retiring with her Bible, to her closet. The day was spent in fasting and prayer, and in reading lessons of heavenly wisdom from the word of God.

To her great joy, every page seemed illumin-

ed as with a sunbeam. She now felt that she could bear the loss of all things for the sake of Him, who bore her sins in his own body on the tree. Her soul, though elevated above the perishable things of time and sense, was in heaviness at the thought of an eternal separation from him, whom she so dearly loved—from the companion of her youth, and perhaps, too, from her beloved children. She upbraided herself as an *accessary*, if not the guilty occasion of their life of worldliness; for had she fulfilled the sacred obligations imposed by an early hope of reconciliation to God, her husband and her children might, long since, have been devout worshippers in the courts of the Lord.

It was nearly sunset, when the noise of rattling wheels arrested her attention. Till now, no external object had disturbed her thoughts. The door suddenly opened, and her husband stood pale and trembling by her side.

“My dear wife,” he exclaimed, “can you forgive your misguided husband? I have learned by sad experience this day, by the way side, that my opposition against you originated in hostility to the claims of God. Can you forgive me, and will you supplicate the forgiveness of God for me? for I have no cloak, or excuse for the least of my sins.”

Under an overwhelming sense of the goodness of God, in thus subduing and enlightening the mind of her dearest earthly friend, they prostrated themselves in the attitude of prayer, and wept, and confessed before the Lord their sins of heart and life. Mr. B. informed his wife, that on leaving her in the morning, he went in direct

opposition to the dictates of an enlightened conscience; that her silent and acquiescent conduct proved to him indubitably the efficacy of religion; and when contrasted with his own feelings, then "lashed into a storm," his soul was filled with shame and remorse. At times, he expected to be dashed to the ground; twice he alighted from his carriage, and falling upon his knees, he would have confessed his sin and guilt, but his mind was dark and his heart was hard. He faintly ejaculated, "God be merciful to me a sinner." But on resuming his seat in his carriage, with an involuntary grasp, he held the reins, as if his horses were hurrying him forward with uncommon velocity. His business was at M., sixteen miles distant from his home. At eleven o'clock he had progressed but eight miles on his way. Under a horse-shed he tried to compose his mind, but in vain; he found himself wholly incapable of attending to any worldly business. He endeavored to rid himself of such uncomfortable reflections as crowded upon his mind, with a force which he was unable to resist. For several hours, he felt like the guilty murderer flying from justice. At length, he perceived that his opposition to God had manifested itself by the indulgence of ill will towards his affectionate wife. He resolved at once to return home, and ingenuously confess to her, and ask her forgiveness. On doing so, the scales of unbelief fell from his eyes, and tears of gratitude and penitence flowed in abundance.

Mr. B. immediately resolved on a religious life, which he determined to commence by rearing a family altar. But he had a stammering

tongue; and so slow was his speech, that he trembled, lest, in his attempt to honor God, he might expose himself to the ridicule of his grown up sons, and other adult members of his family. He hesitated and delayed. His business at M. yet unaccomplished, was really pressing, and demanded immediate attention. He retired to his closet to ask the Lord to assist him in the duty of family prayer, on the following Friday. But his mouth was shut. How could he ask the Lord to assist him to a duty on Friday, which he might not live to perform then, and which was manifestly an immediate duty? He saw the inconsistency of such a petition. He rose from his knees, went in pursuit of Mrs. B., and related to her the exercises of his mind. He then told her, that if she would bring out the little stand, and the great Bible, and would assemble the family, he would try to perform the duty of family worship, let the sacrifice of feeling be what it might. Mrs. B.'s emotions of gratitude and joy were indescribable. She hastened to execute this glad commission.

As this father bowed himself with solemn awe, before the Majesty of heaven and earth, a breathless silence pervaded the youthful spectators of this affecting scene, and for the first time in their life, they realized a present God. The Spirit of the Lord came down and rested upon their hearts, the effect of whose operations was like that of the refiner's fire, and of fuller's soap. Who can measure the extent of that change, which, within a few days, had been wrought in a family whose hearts had so long been wedded to their idols? The tongue of the stammerer,

now unfettered, was employed in anthems of praise for redeeming love and mercy; and the exclamation rose involuntary to the lips of every beholder, "What hath God wrought!"

Mr. and Mrs. B. were now, with one heart, as sedulously and as perseveringly engaged in their efforts for the salvation of their whole family, as they had formerly been to secure for them a portion in the perishable things of time; and their efforts were not in vain in the Lord.

On learning the subsequent history of this family, who will not rejoice in view of the timely *decision* of Mrs. B.? Both parents and all the children except two, have in rapid succession, paid the debt of nature, leaving behind them satisfactory evidence that they had experienced the grace of God, which bringeth salvation, in answer to the prayers of a decided *Christian mother*.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

THE following narrative is given on the authority of a correspondent of the Brunswick Baptist Herald, who vouches for the truth of it "having received it from the parties concerned."

The family of a pious woman was reduced by poverty almost to a state of starvation. Her husband had been for some time confined to his bed by sickness, and she, having her time taken up by attention to him, had been unable to provide for herself and children. One evening, when

they had ate their last morsel, not even so much as a potatoe being left for the next meal, the good woman, borne down with fatigue and sorrow, knelt in the presence of her little children, and laid her case before the Lord. While praying, she felt an unusual degree of confidence in Him, who alone knew her distress. This produced a calm and peaceful frame of mind, and in this state, she, and the rest of her family, retired to rest. At a late hour in the night, a person knocked at the door, and asked if they were in bed? The woman answered in the affirmative, and desired to know who was at the door? On being told "a friend," she arose and went to the door, where, to her surprise, she was presented with nearly a week's provisions, for herself and family. The person left her without giving her a reason for his appearance at so late an hour, and only requested that she would say nothing about the matter. She was the more astonished, as it came from a source the least expected. Her gratitude can be more easily conceived than expressed. God grant that this remarkable providence may be a blessing to all such as are in want, and that they may receive grace to trust in him, who is not unmindful even of the lily of the field, and without whose notice not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

“A mother’s sorrow cannot be conceived but by a mother.”—HANNAH MORE.

I MARKED a mother at the tomb of her son. Her sable garment coincided with the deep gloom that hung heavily around her heart. Her declining head, her closed clasped hands, her fixed position, her tear-bedewed cheek, bespoke the intensity of her thoughts, and the sorrow of her soul. The scene struck the strings of sympathy, and a correspondent tear, flowing from the impulse of a similar feeling, trickled down my cheek.—Fancy lent her creative power to my mind, and methought I heard and felt the grief-inspired soliloquy of the heart-broken mother, as she revolved in her depressed mind the following thoughts: “Ah! yes, my child, thou art numbered with the dead!—The curtain of my hopes has suddenly dropped, and the thick cloud of soul-rending despondency shuts the light of joy and tranquillity from my mind. When feeble infancy, was thine, with what rapture I watched the pleasurable smile playing on thy health-flushed cheek: it was then my heart bounded with ecstasy, and antedated the joys of youth and the happiness of manhood. I thought thou wouldst have been the pillar of my old age; I thought thou wouldst have supported my tottering declining life, when the extinguished hand of time had quenched the fervor of vitality. But ah! these love-built hopes are gone forever; they are buried in the humid earth with thee. No more I hear thy voice—no

more I mark thy sprightly eye ; thy voice is as silent as the grave, and thine eye fixed by the rigid power of death. Scarce more than eighteen years had rolled around thy head before the "grim monster" came and snatched thee from the world. Thou wert stricken as the tender sapling scathed by the lightning's fiery bolt. O Death! thou art the destroyer of a mother's bliss. But still, amid all my sorrow, I will say,

"Worms may banquet on that frame,
And ruin feed on what was fair :
Back to the skies from whence it came
The *soul* recalled shall flourish there."

With these words she ended, and taking her little daughter by the hand, she slowly retired.

PARENTAL FALSEHOODS.

THERE is one class of lies—*those told by parents to their children*, which it is believed often lays the foundation of a *habit* of falsehood in after life. In childhood, permanent impressions are wont to be made ; and a love for truth may as well be cherished and fixed at this forming period, as a love of falsehood. It is then, probably, that what is called the natural propensity of a child is unfolded. Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children, if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting to them the most atrocious

falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their amusements, cheated in their food, cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do anything which is disagreeable. If a child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if obstinate, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears, or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards.

Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises, which they never intend to perform. If they wish, for instance, to take away some eatable which they fear will be injurious, they reconcile them by the promise of a ride, or walk, or something else, which will please them, but without any intention of gratifying them. This is lying, downright lying. People think nothing of breaking their promises to children, if the performance be not perfectly convenient. But they are the last persons to whom promises should be broken, because they cannot comprehend the reason, if there be one, why they are not kept. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience, and even when inadvertently made. For the child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to a parent.

We have only noticed a few cases of lying to children, but enough to illustrate the frequency of it. And yet after having pursued such a course of deception for the two or three first years of life, if the parent then finds his child is trying to deceive him, and will tell a downright lie, he wonders how he should have learned to do so, for he has always taught him to speak the truth; without reflecting that he has been lying to him from his very birth. So he attributes that habit to an innate disposition and tendency for falsehood, which he has himself been fostering and nourishing from the first. Children soon learn to know when they are deceived, and learn to deceive others. They are not deceived many times in the same way; and the most comfortable method in the end, as well as the most conformable method to the principles of morality and religion is, never to deviate in the slightest degree from the strict truth, in our intercourse with them.

A TEMPTATION.

I HAD the pleasure, a short time since, of passing a few days with a friend of my earlier years, whom, for a long time, I had not seen. In the interval, he had become settled, and had now a family of six fine children growing up around him. The eldest was a daughter, who might be fourteen or fifteen years of age; the youngest, a son, about four.

My friend and his wife were both professors of religion, and appeared desirous, so far as I could judge, of exemplifying in their lives the spirit of the Gospel, and especially of bringing up their children, "in the fear, nurture and admonition of the Lord."

The day following my arrival was the Sabbath. Its morning was appropriately spent in reading the scriptures, in family prayer, and religious conversation. Not long after breakfast, the youngest child, the little boy above mentioned, was suddenly found to be missing. Inquiry was made for him, but, as it proved, unsuccessful; a degree of solicitude, at length, began to be felt, and the search became more vigorous. He had on several occasions strolled away to the neighbor's, where a child of his own age lived, and more frequently had gone unattended, to pay his aged grandmother a visit, who lived at no great distance down the hill. To one of these places, it soon occurred, that he might have wandered, though it was unusual for him thus to play truant on the Sabbath. The father, taking his hat, said he would step abroad, and fetch him home.

Before the father's return, however, the little absentee was found. He had purloined an orange, belonging to his eldest sister; and, conscious of the trespass he was committing, had secreted himself quite securely in an adjoining room behind a bed. He had heard the call of his mother, and the inquiries of the other members of the family; but, either from a sense of guilt, or too much engrossed with the pleasure of his luscious feast, he paid no attention to the oft-repeated summons. At length, a little sister,

a couple of years older than himself, raising the vase made the important discovery. It was immediately announced by her shrill tones, and delighted exclamation ; and almost in the next moment the whole group of children were peeping under the vase, which the discoverer still held raised. There, cross-legged, sat the thief at his meal. For a moment, he paused, as was natural, and joined in the good-natured titter of the well-pleased throng. But it was only for a moment that he consented to any interruption ; but now ate the faster, evidently wishing to prolong the pleasurable feast he was now enjoying, and yet conscious that its approaching termination was at hand.

“ Ah ! you rogue—you rogue,” exclaimed one of his sisters.

“ Whose orange have you got ? ” inquired a second.

“ He looks cunning enough,” said the little sister, who had discovered him.—“ Why John ! ”

At this moment, the mother, who had been in search of her boy in a different direction entered the room. Being quite at home in my friend’s house, and attracted by the interesting scene going on, I ventured to look in upon the actors myself.

“ See here, mother, see here ”—exclaimed the above little girl, “ we’ve found him—here he is under the bed ”—again drawing aside the vase.

The mother stooped as was necessary to see him ; and, hastily stepping forward, I imitated her example. I shall not soon forget the sight. He was a fat little figure, with a fine plump face, and had quirked himself up in the corner, and

with his orange in his grasp, looked much, I could fancy, like a young squirrel in the woods. He had nearly eaten up the "golden apple"—but the liquid juice of the remnant, under the pressure of his hands and his lips, was running in currents on each side of his mouth.

"Don't he look cunning, mother?" said the delighted little sister—"I'm sure he does."

It was impossible to repress a smile, as he crept forth from his hiding-place, at the bidding of his mother; who now took his hand and led him into the sitting room.

Thinks I to myself here is a difficult case to manage. Some of "sterner stuff" may think otherwise; but in my own mind it required no little decision and parental faithfulness to treat it as it deserved. There was a cunning about the whole transaction, especially in his looks and actions when discovered, which was calculated to disarm a fond parent. Many a parent, I doubt not, would have accorded with the expression of John's little sister, and felt that it was "too cunning a trick" to admit of being censured. A gentle reproof—"You are a naughty child"—or "You must not do so again"—would, perhaps, by most parents, have been deemed sufficient. And this kind of reproof would have been accompanied by a half-suppressed smile—a kind of mingled expression of admiration and reproach; but the admiration so predominating as to have entirely neutralized the censure, and virtually to have operated as a stimulus to future transgression.

But it was not so managed in the present in-

stance. On reaching the sitting-room, she bid the children be seated, and began to inquire—

“John, my son, was that your orange which you was eating?”

“No ma’am,” said John.

“Whose was it?”

“Caroline’s.”

“And did Caroline give it to you?”

He hesitated, and the question was repeated—

“Did Caroline give you the orange, my son?”

“No ma’am.”

“And how came you to take it?”

“I wanted it, ma’am.”

“But you had no right to it. It was not yours. Had Caroline taken your orange would you have thought it right? You are quite a small boy, but you have done wrong; and now tell me, my son, do you not feel that you have done wrong?”

“Yes ma’am,” said he—now hanging his head, and beginning to twist his little fingers in his mouth.

“Yes, my child, you did very wrong. The Bible says, “Thou shalt not steal;” and it bids us to “Remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy,” but you have not done so; you have offended God, and you have displeased me, and you have set a bad example. And, besides, you *knew* that you was doing wrong; you felt *guilty*; you hid yourself behind the bed, and when I called you, you did not come; and here again you broke another command, which says, “Children, obey your parents.” Your little sister thought you looked cunning; but I hope that little sister will never think so again. You tried by your looks and actions to smooth over the bad deed;

—Ah! you have done very wrong. Your father will be home soon, and I must tell him. I am sure he will be displeased; but what he will think best to be done, I cannot say.”

I had remained in the room thus long, and had attended with great satisfaction to the appropriate manner in which this faithful mother had treated a delicate case. But thinking it no longer courteous to stay, especially as the father was now at hand, and might wish to be alone with his family, I retired to my chamber. As to the subsequent discipline I was not informed; but, from the specimen of maternal faithfulness, which I had witnessed, and the reference of the matter to the father, I could not doubt but that the occasion was seized to administer appropriate discipline and advice.

On reaching my chamber, I could not but reflect upon the numerous similar occurrences in almost every family, and upon the importance of parental faithfulness in relation to them. They indeed often appear quite trivial; and connected as they not unfrequently are with a kind of cunning, bespeaking more than common capacity in the child, are wont to be passed by, not only without censure, but even with applause. Yet, when more minutely examined, instead of appearing to be trifles, they will wear the aspect of serious evils. We are apt to be amused with show. We forget that the noxious weed may send forth a beautiful flower; that behind the most attracting exterior may lurk the darkest designs. So behind the curtain of these pretty infantile tricks, may lie the germ of all future disobedience.

They may be the prelude to a wide departure from the path of truth and duty—the first overflowings of a fountain, which will ultimately send forth bitterness and death. Let it not be thought, then, that these early transgressions are small matters. They are an indication of the “man of sin” within: true, that man may be yet ungrown, but give him exercise—administer aliment, and he will attain, in process of time, to the strength and daring of Goliath of Gath. The small theft of an orange, unrebuked in a child, may lead that child, in maturer years, to crimes to be expiated only in the solitude of a prison, or the infamy and agony of the gallows. It was an humbler fruit

—whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Parents cannot, therefore, be too sagacious in marking the early actions of their children, which involve violations of the principles of honesty and uprightness; nor too faithful in counteracting the strong tendency to such violations, which they will ever perceive in their children. No more sacred duty exists; no greater parental obligation can be imposed. The faithful discharge of this duty may be connected with the eternal weal of our children. Kindly and conscientiously performed, the attendant blessing of God may be anticipated, with nearly the same certainty, that, if wheat be sowed, wheat will be harvested; but if neglected, tares only will grow—vicious fruit only succeed, unless a Providence more kind than parental apathy, shall itself sow

a better seed, and cultivate a neglected soil. He that sows to the flesh—to the carnal mind of his child—shall as surely reap corruption, in respect to that child, as he will in respect to himself. If we would reap everlasting life for ourselves and our children, we must sow unto the *Spirit*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MOTHER.

I WELL remember when about nine years of age, returning from school one day, with a request to my mother that I might attend a children's ball, which was to take place the next evening. One or two had been held before, at which most of my companions were present, but myself and my sister, who was still younger, had received no invitation, as it was well understood that our mother was "very strict," and probably would not permit us to attend. But on this occasion, a note was handed us, as we were returning from school, requesting our company for the next evening; and, as we entered the parlor where our mother was sitting, our little hearts swelled with desires, to which they had, until then, been strangers. We asked her permission to attend, which she gently, but firmly, denied, giving us, at the same time, some of her most important reasons for so doing. We felt the propriety of her objections, and in fact had little inclination to enter into an amusement, with which we were wholly unacquainted; but the dread of the sneer,

and ridicule of our companions, and their remarks upon the unnecessary *strictness* of our dear parents, overcame other feelings, and we begged that we might go, at least once, in order to show them she was more indulgent than they supposed. I shall never forget the tone of seriousness my mother assumed, as she represented to us the responsibility incurred by Christian parents, in giving up their children to God. "You, my dear children," said she, "are consecrated children. Your parents have covenanted with God to train you up for his service. How can I, without a fearful violation of that covenant, permit you to enter a place where every thing you see and hear will be calculated to divert your minds from serious things. Would not God be justly angry with me, and could I expect his blessing in my endeavors to train you up for Him? Now which do you prefer, that I should displease God, or your companions." This was enough,—we were entirely satisfied, and were able to meet our companions the next day without shame or fear; indeed, shall I say it, we felt a secret pride in the integrity of our dear mother's principles. Though afterwards invited on one or two other occasions, we felt not the slightest inclination to accept,—the question was settled, and settled forever; and how often, since having reached a mature age, have we looked back to that period with indescribable interest, and with fervent gratitude to our parent for the firmness and wisdom she then manifested. How much inconvenience and expostulation did she thus avoid, and from how many temptations and conflicts secure our youthful years. Much of the indifference with

which we have regarded amusements of this kind, even since the formation of our own principles, may doubtless be traced to the impression thus early made upon our minds. And might not every parent, by a similar course, throw the same safeguard around the future welfare of her child? Surely *such children* will ever have cause to bless the name of mother!

CONVERSION OF A CAPTAIN.

THE captain whose conversion is narrated below was born in the town of M——, and very early in life lost his father. He was left to the watchful care of his pious mother. At an early age he went to sea, and when his affectionate mother packed up his clothes for the first voyage, she placed a bible in his chest, and urged him not only to read it, but to be governed by its precepts, and to give himself away to the Saviour it revealed. “Being rather of a sober cast of character,” said he, “and steady in my habits, I was earlier than usual made master of a brig, and sent to Cadiz. I was there when that tremendous tempest destroyed so many vessels in that bay; when out of two hundred and sixty, only sixteen escaped, and mine was one of them. We had lost our best anchor and cables, and were held by a small kedge anchor and rope. We considered our case almost hopeless. About midnight, the vessel began to drift towards the

shore, when the sailors came running, and crying, "We are lost; Captain, do pray for us." My habits of sobriety had led the seamen to suppose that I was a Christian. The cry, "We are lost," sunk deep into my heart, and the inquiry immediately arose in my mind, if we are lost what will become of me? And feeling that I was not a Christian, how could I pray? But the sailors had desired it, and I could not refuse to make the attempt. I prayed as well as I could, and while I was yet speaking, the cry from on deck was, "She is fast." Our joy cannot be described. When morning light returned, we found that our small anchor had drifted until it caught a large anchor, and there it held us. But our astonishment was that so small a rope should not have parted. Is it presumption to believe that this wonderful preservation was in answer to the prayers of a pious mother, who no doubt often when the storm arose, prayed that God of "all that are afar off upon the sea," to protect and save her beloved son?

The deep impressions of that awful night, and the goodness of God to us, never forsook me, until I hope I found pardon through the Redeemer.

"But," said he, "this is not all I have to say of the goodness of God. I have this day experienced such new evidences that God is a prayer-hearing and covenant-keeping God, as almost overwhelms me. A few days since, I received orders to discharge my cargo, and go to New-Orleans for a load of cotton. At this season of the year (July,) I thought it would be at the risk of my life, and I felt unhappy about it. I carried

my case to God, praying him, if it was for the best, to change my destination, yet with a heart, that I hope could say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I went on 'Change to see some gentlemen; and what was my surprise and joy, when a merchant soon after I arrived came to me and said, 'I want you to take a cargo for me to Amsterdam.' The very place I wished to go to."

I then remarked, "I suppose you sometimes write to your pious mother and tell her of the goodness of God to you." "Yes," said he, "and to a pious wife too; for about the time I hope I became pious on the sea, there was a revival in M——, and my wife, naturally the gayest of the gay, became, I believe, a Christian."

Truly the Lord is good and gracious, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

Pious mothers cease not to pray for your sons, though far away on the sea, for your covenant God is there. Be encouraged, ye pious seamen too, to call on that God who has said, "I will never leave you, nor forsake you."

FAMILY LOVE.

ROSENEATH Farm, near the village of Grasmere, was the neat and simple residence of Richard Brown, a pious and industrious farmer. Early in life he had married Janette Dale; their children, were John and Ellen. Richard Brown, though not a scholar, was a sincere christian:

he could read, and did not fail to search the Scriptures daily; moreover, it was his constant endeavor to practise those duties which they inculcate. And here we may observe, that much learning is not essential to true piety: with a teachable and humble spirit, the diligent and sincere inquirer after truth may, by the blessing of God, though in the humblest walks of life, derive from the volume of inspiration a wisdom which passeth the understanding of those, who are wise only in the wisdom of this world. Its sublime truths are obvious and valuable to the mind that can perceive their suitableness to its wants, while to the unhumbled and self-satisfied, they are obscure and unwelcome.

We have said Richard was a Christian, and therefore happy: he had not passed through life without his trials, but he considered them, as they really were, mercies in disguise. Now his dear Janette, the beloved wife of his youth, was lying at the point of death. "Farewell, my own Richard!" she said: "your love has been a great blessing to me from the hand of God; we have lived happily, and I die happy, in the assurance that you will guide our poor motherless children in the paths of peace."

Richard wept, and some few tears glistened in Janette's eye; yet smiling through those tears, as she looked at the neat, though homely fireside, around which Richard and herself, with their two children, had so often sat, she continued, "When I am gone, dear Richard, Ellen will not fail to trim the fire, to place your elbow-chair beside it, to milk the cow, prepare the morning meal, to welcome you at noon; and when you

return at even from the labors of the day, as you sit by our fire-side, your head must be pillowed on her shoulder." Here Janette's voice faltered for a moment, and then she proceeded: "Nor is it, my beloved husband, among the least of my consolations at this trying moment, to think, that, although wearied in body after your daily employment, you will not fail to refresh your spirit each night with the sweet truths of that Word which we have so often found the 'joy and rejoicing of our heart;' and if it be the will of Heaven that you should long survive the partner of your youth, who now weeps to leave you, though she knows 'to die is gain,' if, like Jacob, your eyes should grow dim with age, our dear Ellen will be constant in reading to you that same precious Word, wherein God hath caused us to hope."—Janette fell back exhausted, yet Richard felt the convulsive pressure of her cold hand, which was clasped in his: she gazed alternately at her weeping husband and sobbing children; then raised her eyes to Heaven, and remained for some time absorbed in prayer; a smile played around her pallid lips, as they faintly uttered, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" *That* spirit quitted the lifeless form of Janette, and with it bid an eternal adieu to sorrow!

Ellen possessed an affectionate heart, and had loved her excellent mother with all the tenderness of which that heart was capable; she had now lost her, and felt as such a child could only feel for such a mother! In principle and conduct, Ellen was much beyond her years; her father still lived, and therefore every selfish regret must yield to the desire of rendering his bereft state less afflictive.

At length the evening of this sad day arrived, and Richard took the large Bible from the corner shelf. He was deeply affected as he recalled poor Janette's dying words; nevertheless, he attempted to read the sacred page. "Dear father, shall I read for you?" said Ellen. "Oh, no!" he replied; "your mother, with her dying breath, bade me read the Bible to her children, whilst my sight remained; and, Ellen, my eyes are not dim with age." Here he wiped away the tears, which overflowed them, and then, turning to the eleventh chapter of John's Gospel, read aloud. When the chapter was finished, Richard observed, "Now, my children, our blessed Saviour says here, in the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth verses, 'I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.' Your dear mother, whom we laid in the grave this day, was a believer; and although it shall not be our privilege to see her raised from the dead like Lazarus, yet she is far happier than if we could recall her spirit to earth; for she is gone to dwell forever with that Saviour, who said to Martha, 'I am the resurrection and the life! Blessed, indeed, are those who die in the Lord; and let us, my children, pray that we may so live, following the steps of our Redeemer, that, when we die, He may receive us to glory.'" The prayer was simple and affecting; it flowed from a heart deeply sorrowing under its bereavement, yet sustained by a firm reliance upon Him "who causeth all things to work together for good to them that love Him."

THE MOTHER.

Her babe was ever sickly, and its cheek
 Wore not the hue of health. Its little bosom
 Just heav'd with its faint breath, and ever often
 A sob escap'd its heart, and a big tear
 Came rushing to its eye. Its bloodless lip
 Seem'd not the prey of fell disease, but death
 Came calmly o'er its frame, like a thin mist
 Over a lake at even, or a melting
 Of distant music on the silent sea.—
 The mother watch'd her infant, as it pined
 And sicken'd on her bosom; and she hush'd
 Its low and plaintive murmurings,—and at night
 When all around was sleeping, and the air
 In its unechoing silence gave no sound,
 She sat with heavy eyelids by her child,
 And hush'd her very breath, lest it should wake
 And find its grief again. Night after night
 She thus did keep her vigils; and when day
 Rose on her wearied senses, and she fain
 Would lay her down to rest, the weak complaining
 Of her awaken'd babe o'ercame her weariness;
 And she refus'd to listen to the voice
 Of those who read consumption in the flush
 That deepen'd on her cheek;—and only once
 While her sick babe was sleeping, did she walk
 Abroad in the cool air; and then I met her
 By the lone grave of him who in his life
 Had lov'd full tenderly that babe and her.
 She knew her child would die: but she had tho't
 That she would watch its sufferings, and stand by
 To do that office which affection loves,
 And yet doth weep to do,—of closing up
 The cold and stiffen'd lid,—and she had hop'd
 That when its pulse was still, and its young heart
 Was silent in its bosom, that her hands
 Would shroud its limbs for burial, and her lips
 Press the last kiss upon its clay-cold cheek
 Before the foul worm's riot.—But she sunk
 Beneath her ceaseless watching, and consumption

Quickened his fearful work. Her pulse grew quick,
And her limbs faint, and restless fever followed,
With his consuming thirst, and wild delirium
Seiz'd on her heated brain—and she would clasp
Her pillow in her frenzy, and cry “Hush,
Sleep on my babe—would that thy mother’s heart
Could bear thy pain for thee—sleep on, sleep on,”—
And when at times she wept, and the cool tears
Came down in freshness on her bosom, reason
Would for a moment gleam—and then she knew
That she had not her babe, and she remember’d
That it was sick and wasting—and a sorrow,
Such as a mother’s heart alone can feel,
Sat heavily upon her.

’Twas the hour
Of midnight—and the heavy air lay slumb’ring
As if in a deep trance; and the green leaves
Forgot their undulations—and press’d down
By the night falling dew, seem’d overpowered
By a resistless sleep. The watch-dog’s bark
Was heard not in the distance, all except
At hourly intervals, when the chiding clock
Rung out the passing hour, one sullen howl
Broke in upon its echoes, and again
Unbroken silence reigned. The weary nurse
Had kept her drowsy watch, and the sick mother
Lay still upon her pillow, singing fitfully
A low and soothing lullaby; and when
Her voice grew faint, and her parch’d tongue refus’d
To do its office more, she smil’d and said,
“ ’Tis well, my wailing babe, thy mother’s voice
Grows weak in lulling thee, and her fond heart
Which liv’d not, but to quell thy infant tears
And soothe thy grief awhile, is fading with thee—
And so ’tis well: and I will only wait
To see thee plume thy wing, and then my life
Which flow’d from thee its fountain, will dry up,
And I shall follow soon.” She would have spoken
Of him who gave that infant child its being;
But e’er the accent fell, she turned her head
Aside upon her pillow, and a gush,
As if her “head were waters,” and her heart
Had loosen’d every feeling in the flow,—
Came out to tell that thought’s full bitterness.

Freely, and long she wept ; and all who sorrow
Can tell the soothing influence of such tears.
They had not dried before her moistened lashes
Had fallen like a veil and she was sleeping,
As if she had not wept. She woke serene
And calm as in the hour of health : her cheek
Had lost its fever'd flush, and in its stead
A snowy paleness overspread her features,
And she looked soon to die.—It was the calm
Which oft precedes departure, and which quells
The native speaking lustre of the eye,
And gives it an intense and still expression,
As if the soul was wrapt with the far glance
Of the half-veiled eternity. She spoke,
And ask'd to see her babe. It had been sleeping
Quietly upon its nurse's bosom, though so still,
She knew not but its spirit was in heaven.
They brought it to her, and she gently kissed
Its thin and wasted lip, and ask'd them then
To lay it on her bosom, and to wind
Her nerveless arm around it, that her eye
Might rest upon it in her agony.

She died—and they who stood around, approach'd
To take her infant from her cold embrace,
Fearful that it might wake it from its sleep.
But it could wake no more.—They moved it not—
Only to place it closer to her bosom,
And wrap them in the vestments of the grave.

THE NEW DRESS.

As I was lately sitting in the nursery of an old acquaintance, she exhibited to me a dress just completed for her little daughter. After I had duly admired it, the mother turned and displayed it to her child, exclaiming “Ann’s *new* dress! Little Ann’s *pretty new* dress!” while the little creature clapping her hands, testified her admiration of gay colors, if not the joy of her sex, in the prospect of becoming the possessor of such a prize, as a gay dress. I, too, participated in the pleasure afforded by the animation of the little one; but as I turned my steps toward my own quiet, and perhaps, at times, lonely home, (for I have no daughters to enliven my fireside) I fell into the following train of thought :

The incident, which I have this day witnessed, may exert an influence upon the character of this child, through time,—perhaps through eternity. She will soon understand the language of the lips, although she now only comprehended that of the features; and from both will she learn, that to her mother her dress is important. She will be arrayed in the new dress to visit grandmother, and the pride of displaying it, will supersede the gratification which arises from the indulgence of the affections of the heart. When her mother has visitors, she will be told to be very good, as she is to wear her new dress to see the ladies, thus making propriety of deportment, simply an appendage to dress; and connecting for life the idea of displaying herself,

with the gratification of seeing her friends. The new dress will be prepared for the Sabbath, and the child will feel, that to display it, is the primary object for which she is taken to the house of God : and even upon her first entrance within the sanctuary, she may be taught a lesson of pride and vanity, rather than of humility and reverence. Children are apt scholars in the school of vanity, and this child may soon become as vain, as heartless, as fond of display, as the most sanguine mother could wish, were it her only object to infuse pride, vanity, and the love of show into the heart of her child.

But although such may be the effect of my friend's mode of education, such has not been her design ; and when the long-cherished vanity of the daughter becomes too glaring, and visibly oversteps the rules of propriety and good-breeding, I do not doubt the mother will be both surprised and grieved. She will wonder that one so young should attach so much importance to personal appearance, should think so much of dress ; that a child so religiously educated should be so trifling on the Sabbath, so heartless in the sanctuary, so occupied in noticing the dress of others, so eager to display her own. She will feel it necessary solemnly to reprove her. She will say,—“ Your personal appearance is of no consequence, your Creator looks at the heart, and it is impossible for you to render the homage of the heart, while all your feelings are absorbed by your personal decoration ; such vanity degrades you, both as a rational and immortal being, and let me see no more of it.”

Mothers, which will most influence the heart, —the early habits, or the casual precept? which lesson has this child most thoroughly learned, and which will she longest remember?

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

A SAILOR, who had been long absent from his native country, returned home, flushed with money. Coming to London, where he had never been before, he resolved to gratify himself with the sight of whatever was remarkable. Among other places he visited St. Paul's. It happened to be at the time of divine service. When carelessly passing, he heard the words "pray without ceasing," uttered by the minister, without having any impression made on his mind by them. Having satisfied his curiosity in London, he returned to his marine pursuits, and continued at sea for seven years, without any remarkable occurrence in his history.

One fine evening, when the air was soft, the breeze gentle, the heavens serene, and the ocean calm, he was walking the deck, with his feelings soothed by the pleasing aspect of nature, when on a sudden darted on his mind, the words, "Pray without ceasing!" "Pray without ceasing!" "What words can these be?" he exclaimed, "I think I have heard them before; where could it be?" After a pause—"Oh it was at St. Paul's in London, the minister read them from

the Bible. What! and do the Scriptures say, "Pray without ceasing?" Oh what a wretch must I be, to have lived so long without praying at all!" God, who at first caused him to hear this passage in his ear, now caused it to spring up, in a way, at a time, and with a power peculiarly his own. The poor fellow now found the lightning of conviction flash on his conscience—the thunders of the law shake his heart—and the great deep of destruction threaten to swallow him up. Now he began for the first time to pray; but praying was not all! "Oh," said he "if I had a Bible, or some good book!" He rummaged his chest, when in a corner, he espied a Bible, which his anxious mother had, twenty years before, placed in his chest, but which, till now, had never been opened. He snatched it up, put it to his breast, then read; wept; prayed; believed, and became a new man.

CONVERSION OF A SAILOR.

"I WAS born," says a sailor, when giving an account of his conversion, "of a very pious mother, and was taught in my youthful days to attend the church of which she was a member, (a Baptist church.) However, as I grew older, and was determined to have my own way, I very seldom visited any church; but when I did, it was the Universalist, because there I found nothing to condemn me, in my sinful career.

For the last ten years, I have followed the seas, and have been a follower of Satan—living in as debauched and sinful a manner, as any of the sons of Neptune. Fifteen months ago, the twelfth of this month, I received from my mother a chest of clothing, and books, and tracts.

Previous to this, I had two attacks of the brain fever; and when I was given over by the physicians that attended me, even then I had not the fear of God before my eyes. But Christ, the Mediator interposed in my behalf, and said, Spare him yet a little longer; if he bringeth not forth good fruit, cut him down. This was the case, as I now view it.

After I received the things above mentioned, I one day, while in health, (having recovered from my sickness,) and going on in the road to ruin as strong as ever, took up the tract entitled “Reasons for not embracing the doctrines of Universal Salvation, in a series of letters to a friend.”—(No. 224.) The first perusal shook what little faith I then had, which was in the universal salvation of all mankind. It made me feel uneasy in my mind, and I determined to give it a second perusal. *That struck the blow.* I found I must be born again, or I could not enter the kingdom of heaven. I then, in secret prayer to God, began to call for mercy. My sins, which were great and many, rose to my view so plain, that it seemed as if I must sink under the load of guilt, which hung heavy upon me. My fear was that I had grieved the Holy Spirit; and that the die was cast. I was in a miserable condition till the night of the twenty-third of October, 1831. Previous to this time, I was continually reading

my Bible, and other good books, and praying continually, whether at my ship duty, or when I had retired for rest. I could eat but little, grew poor, and was fairly emaciated with pain and distress of mind, for my long sinning against so glorious a God. However, the night above mentioned, I remained in prayer to God, for forgiveness of my long rebellion against heaven, till nearly twelve o'clock, when I went to bed feeling sick of life, and fearful of hell.

I had been asleep one hour, when I awoke, and the glory of God shone bright around me. I immediately arose, and knelt down by the side of my chest, and poured forth my soul in gratitude to God, for his long-suffering, and for the testimony he gave me, that my sins were all forgiven. I felt so happy, that I could sleep no more that night. I have since then had my ups and downs on the ocean, and the more so for not having any Christian friends, with whom I could converse. However, since I have arrived in the city, I have enjoyed myself much better in mind. I frequently attend meetings, which strengthen me. My faith increases, and the dark clouds of doubt and fear are removing, and I feel happy in the Lord.

This religion has caused me to relinquish a seafaring life—has procured me good business—and introduced me into the best of society. It is my desire that I may have your prayers, that I may be faithful in the cause of Christ, that I may be as valiant a soldier of Jesus, as I have been a faithful servant of Satan, or hardened son of Neptune.

SECRET OF A MOTHER'S CONTROL OVER THE CONSCIENCE OF HER SON.

THIS control consists chiefly in a mother's *doing her duty*. There is nothing a child needs more than an example of duty performed. Duty may be *talked about*, and enforced by *precept*, and even be prayed over, but if the child perceives that all duty is neglected to *be done* on the part of the parent, that parent can never enforce duty upon the child. For instance, the duty of *moral honesty*; it goes into all the ramifications of life.

A lad one morning picked up several dollars in the road, which had been lost the night previous from the trunk of a traveller, a breach having been made in the trunk by the pressure and jostling of a large sum of silver money. The lad immediately handed the money to his father, who carefully concealed it in his pocket. But how was that son surprised and injured, on discovering subsequently, that his father had himself, the same morning, picked up a large sum of money, and though the stranger, as he repassed, had made known to them his misfortunes, his father took no pains to restore any part of the money. The mother soon came to a knowledge of the facts, and, as far as she was able, counteracted the mischief. She taught her son, that he had no right to the money, not even to a cent for finding it. I heard her counsel to a number of lads who had likewise picked up some pieces by the way side. "My lads," said she "that stranger has a right to every cent of his money.

You have no right to any part." Her inquiries and instructions elicited from the lads the following facts and opinions, respecting their finding and retaining the lost money. One of the lads said, the stranger could not prove property, and so could not claim it by law; another, said, if he had not picked it up, somebody else would, and it would be as effectually lost to the owner, as if he had retained it himself. Another, that he was not to blame for picking up what was in the highway; a fourth said that he was willing the stranger should have his money, if he would come to him and demand it; a fifth, that he was glad that he did not find any, for he was sure that his mother would not let him restore it; for the other day when he found a dollar bill, his mother told him, to say nothing about it, for very likely some one would claim it, that was not the real owner, and he might have it, as well as any one else. Another said, he wished his mother had not laid his out to pay the pedlar that morning, for he would like to restore it to the owner. Another, that he would restore his, if his parents would let him. Another that he had picked up ten pieces, but that when he handed them to his mother, she said, it was just the sum, his father wanted to pay his taxes.

This good mother in Israel, after endeavoring to obviate all their objections to restore the lost property, showing to them the fallacy of their reasoning, and the injustice of their various pleas for not restoring the money, immediately to the rightful owner, faithfully admonished them, that, at the last day, conscience would lift up its voice and demand the stranger's rights. One

thing they did know, that the money was not *theirs*, and that it could be easily restored to the right owner. "My children," said she, "hear me; the person who lost that money may, at this very moment, be in great distress. He may be a very poor man, and may have been commissioned to pay a debt with it; and may be greatly perplexed; when he finds it is lost. He may be greatly pressed for the payment of that debt. Or it may be, that some poor widow lost it, and her family of children may be in great distress this winter, for the want of that money to buy them clothes and food." 'Oh,' said she, 'how sorry I am that he lost his money. My dear boys, if you are willing to restore the money, I will try to find the stranger, and make his heart glad.'

The lads consented; but I was afterwards grieved to know that although the stranger returned all the way from Philadelphia, to look up his lost money, and at length discovered that his trunk sprung a leak in my father's neighborhood, and that the money had been strewed for several miles along the road; that after spending a whole day in the research, he found so many difficulties in the way of recovering it, that he gave it up in despair, and had gone on his journey. This grieved the mother in Israel who had counselled the lads. But it was worth all the money that was lost, to have such a salutary impression, as was made, by this incident upon my mind, and upon the minds of the lads, by means of that Christian mother's faithful lecture. I can never lose the impression, which that lecture made upon my mind, and I hope upon my morals, and upon my heart.

Whenever a case of this kind has subsequently occurred, I have been led not only to search myself, but I have invariably asked myself, "Am I sorry that my neighbor lost that article that I am about to pick up in the street, or in the field? Am I willing, not only to put him in possession of his property, but so promptly, as to save him a moment's anxiety, and every possible expense in recovering what is his own. Do I allow myself to expect any reward for restoring the lost article to my unfortunate neighbor? Have I any right to demand or expect any thing from him in return? If I had lost the same amount of property, should I be willing that my neighbor should charge me any thing for finding it?"

EFFECTS OF KINDNESS.

A FEW ladies in the city of New York formed themselves into a society for the purpose of relieving the wants of the wives of the intemperate, where it could be done without encouraging the drunkard—and to place their children in Sabbath schools.

Their first object of compassion was the family of one, who had for eleven years given himself entirely to his cups, until his amiable wife and helpless children were reduced to the greatest wretchedness. The ladies called upon her, made known their message, presented her with suita-

ble raiment for her children to appear in Sabbath schools, and added, You can do as you think proper respecting your husband—acquaint him with the object, or not. Sabbath morning came. A lady with faltering steps, descended the cellar, to take the inmates to school—for she feared the incensed husband might pour out his wrath, and forbid her taking the children along with her. As she slowly advanced, all was silent. She ventured, and, to her astonishment, the father was sitting quietly on one side of the room; a son about ten was sitting in a corner, neatly clad, with a Testament in his hand; a little girl of four, fair as the new-blown rose, was attired in a new suit; and the room itself perfect neatness. She said, Are the children ready? when the mother, taking the girl by the hand, led her to the lady, without saying a word—for her heart was full, at such new and unexpected kindness; and they joyfully hastened to the Sabbath school together. The father was a man of sense; and low as he had sunk, had not lost all sensibility. That Sabbath was a new day to him. He saw he had deserted his helpless offspring, and the kind hand of charity had taken them up.—He saw them clad in decent apparel—not by *his* industry; and he *then* resolved he would be a fool no longer. His wife took the Bible, which he had often forbid her reading, and he said, “Sarah, will you read aloud?” She complied. In a few moments, he exclaimed, if I again drink another drop, may I die in the attempt. A rash resolve—but it has never been broken. The next morning he went in quest of employ—found it, and Saturday night

brought to his happy wife a handsome sum—placed his children in school—removed from his cellar to a comfortable apartment, and as far as the most assiduous attention and kindness would do it, atoned for all past abuse—and soon saw his happy family comfortable around him.

A few weeks from this change, the lady, who had taken his children to the Sabbath school, had called to conduct the little girl to a day school, and was met by the father, who stopped and most politely accosted her, saying—"You are taking my little girl to school. I have earned twenty shillings this morning, and I hope I shall soon be in a condition to make my family comfortable." It is so. He has continued an industrious, sober man—and his wife the happiest that can possibly be; and his gratitude to the lady who first clothed and led his children to Sabbath school is almost unparalleled.

Such was the effect of this noiseless rebuke—and such was the reward of those who stretched out their hands to the needy. A family raised from the lowest degradation, to a state of comfort—and the heart of the bowed down made to sing for joy.

EXERTIONS OF A PIOUS FEMALE.

At a late anniversary of a charitable society, one of the speakers on the occasion related the following interesting anecdote. It referred, he said, to a female in one of our large trading

towns. She was formerly a most abandoned character, one of the most wicked women that perhaps ever trod on the face of the globe. However, by the grace of God, she was brought to a knowledge of the truth, and was sent to a penitentiary, where she gave the most decided evidence of a saving change of heart; but, shortly after being put into that situation, she was deprived of the use of both her hands and feet. Her heart, however, was full of love to the Saviour, and she was at a loss to show forth the praises of that God, who had called her out of darkness into his marvellous light. She could not walk about to tell what God had done for her soul; she could not employ her hands, but she learned to write with her mouth, and the letters thus written being sold at small sums, produced something considerable to the funds of the penitentiary. She began to learn the art of painting, and the produce of those paintings, which she accomplished with her mouth, produced last year seventy-five dollars to the funds of the institution. Now he would not say to this assembly, Go and do thou likewise; but he would say, You have hands and you have feet, and you have a tongue to tell the wonders of redeeming love: go and do what you can.

AFFECTING EXAMPLE OF USEFULNESS IN
POVERTY.

THERE was a poor woman in the limits of my former congrega^tion, observes a clergyman, the mother of five or six small children, whose husband was a notorious drunkard, so that the support of the family devolved almost entirely upon herself, which she accomplished, in part, by going out to washing several days of the week. She obtained, some years since, a few religious tracts, and, in reading them, became warmly attached to the tract cause. Before there was any tract society in the county, she provided herself with a subscription paper, and, taking a somewhat extensive circuit, procured upwards of twenty subscribers, averaging about twenty cents each. Her own subscription was fifty cents. A part of the money was collected and paid to me for tracts before I left the county, and I had opportunity to learn particularly how the subscriptions were obtained and the tracts disposed of. It appears that the distance she must have travelled on foot, in first procuring the subscriptions, then collecting the money, and afterwards distributing her tracts, must have been more than twenty miles. She lived in an obscure part of the town, where the religious advantages of the people were very small; and the influence she has exerted, through the instrumentality of her tracts, is truly wonderful! Numbers are influenced in this way to think and act for eternity, whose minds were previously wholly absorbed in

the world. The people are so remote from any place of worship, that many spend their Sabbaths at home, or in visiting ; and, in order to take advantage of this state of things, the individual in question has, on the Sabbath, taken her tracts, and, calling upon her neighbors, begged the privilege of reading to them ; and, though she has sometimes found them at first disposed to trifle, yet she has, in some instances, melted them into tears, by the interesting narratives contained in these publications. In this way, she is doing most important good ; and whoever shall tread in her steps cannot fail of being eminently useful, however obscure their rank, or low their circumstances in the world.

It is worthy of remark, that this woman has learned to read since she became the mother of a family, and has never enjoyed any opportunities beyond what almost every individual of our highly favored country might easily obtain. She is truly poor in regard to all worldly attainments and temporal good things, but “ rich in faith,” and, I trust, “ an heir of the kingdom.” I gave her a volume of bound tracts, and she now uses it as her *sermon-book*, when she goes into the houses of her neighbors, to read to them these words of eternal life.

A MOTHER'S DIFFICULTIES.

It not unfrequently happens that a judicious and faithful mother is connected with a husband whose principles and example are anything but what she could desire. In such cases, not only does the whole government of the family devolve upon the mother, but the influence of the father is such as, in a great degree, to counteract all her exertions. This is indeed a trying situation. It is, however, far from being a hopeless one. You must not give up in despair, but let the emergencies of the case rouse you to more constant watchfulness, and more persevering and vigorous effort. If a wife be judicious and consistent in her exertion, a father, in almost all cases, will soon feel confidence in her management of the family, and will very gladly allow her to bear all the burden of taking care of the children. Such a father is almost necessarily much of the time absent from home; and when at home, is not often in a mood to enjoy the society of his family. Let such a mother teach her children to be quiet and still, when their father is present. Let her make every effort to accustom them to habits of industry. And let her do everything in her power to induce them to be respectful, and obedient, and affectionate to their father. This course is indeed the best which can be adopted to reclaim the unhappy parent. The more cheerful you can make home to him, the stronger are the inducements, which are present-

ed to draw him away from scenes, into which he ought not to enter.

It is true, there is no situation more difficult than the one we are now describing. But, that even these difficulties are not insurmountable, facts have not unfrequently proved. Many cases occur, in which the mother triumphantly surmounts them all, and rears up a virtuous and happy family. Her husband is most brutally intemperate; and I need not here depict the scenes, through which such a mother is called to pass. She sees, however, that the welfare of the family is dependent upon her, and accordingly nerves her heart, resolutely, to meet her responsibilities. She commences, in the earliest infancy of her children, teaching them implicit obedience. She binds them to her with those ties from which they would never be able, or desirous to break. The most abundant success rewards her efforts. The older her children grow, the more respectful and attentive they become, for the more clearly they see that they are indebted to their mother for salvation from their father's disgrace and woe. Every sorrow of such a mother is alleviated by the sympathy and affection of her sons. She looks around upon them with feelings of maternal gratification, which no language can describe. They feel the worth and dignity of her character. Though her situation in life may be humble, and though her mind may not be stored with knowledge, her moral worth, and her judicious government, command their reverence.

In a family of this sort, in a neighboring state, one cold December night, the mother was sit-

ting alone by the fire, between the hours of nine and ten, waiting for the return of her absent husband. Her sons, fatigued with the labors of the day, had all retired to rest. A little before ten, her husband came in from the neighboring store, where he had passed the evening with his degraded associates. He insisted in calling up the boys at that unseasonable hour, to send them into the wood-lot for a load of wood. Though there was an ample supply of fuel at the house, he would not listen to reason, but stamped and swore that the boys should go. The mother, finding it utterly in vain to oppose his wishes, called her sons, and told them that their father insisted upon their going with the team to the wood-lot. She spoke to them kindly ; told them she was sorry they must go ; but, said she, " remember that he is your father." Her sons were full-grown young men. But at their mother's voice, they immediately rose, and, without a murmur, brought out the oxen, and went to the woods. They had perfect confidence in her judgment, and her management. While they were absent, their mother was busy in preparing an inviting supper for them on their return. The drunken father soon retired. About midnight the sons finished their task, and entering the house, found their mother ready to receive them with cheerfulness and smiles. A bright fire was blazing upon the hearth. The room was warm and pleasant. With keen appetites and that cheerfulness of spirits, which generally accompanies the performance of duty, those children sat down with their much-loved parent to the repast she had provided, and soon after all were reposing in the quietude of sleep.

Many a mother has thus been the guardian and saviour of her family. She has brought up her sons to industry, and her daughters to virtue. And in her old age, she has reaped a rich reward for all her toil, in the affections and attentions of her grateful children. She has struggled in tears and discouragement, for many weary years, till at last God has dispelled all the gloom, and filled her heart with joy, in witnessing the blessed results of her fidelity. Be not, therefore, desponding. That which has once been done, may be done again.

SORROW TURNED TO JOY.

FIFTEEN years ago, said Captain Angus, at a late meeting of the London Seamen's Friend Society, I commanded a vessel in the merchant service ; it fell to my lot to lodge under the roof of a pious widow, who had a son, the stay and support of her old age. This lad, who was about sixteen years of age, conducted himself with great propriety in his situation ; but, all in a moment, like a clap of thunder, the report came to his mother's ears that he had committed an offence, which, though morally speaking was not of the most heinous nature, was, nevertheless, sufficient to touch his life. The poor mother by the advice of some friends, was induced to send her son to sea, on board a man of war ; and who would have thought that, in

sending him there, it was to meet the God of salvation, and be brought to the knowledge of the truth? But God has his way in the deep. He had not been long on board H. M. S. the S——, before he got acquainted with a corporal of Marines, the only man on board that ship who knew the truth, and lived in the love of it. He began to speak to him, as every good seaman we hope will do, about the love of Christ, as exhibited on the cross for poor sinners. This was the very conversation suited to his heart, whose crime was yet on his conscience; and the pious man was glad to make known to him the only way of comfort in the word of life, which says, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." This conversation was blessed to him, till he became a decided Christian. Thus these two small sparks in the midst of the ocean came in contact; and here they met under the scoffs and sneers of a licentious and wicked crew. These two became three, and then four, and five, and so on, till, in the course of time, fifty of their shipmates, among whom were some of the officers, became with them worshippers of the Lord Jesus Christ. You will readily believe how glad the heart of the poor widow was, when she had the first letter, from her son to find that the storm which had seemed to threaten nothing but destruction to her peace, should break in blessings on her head. This vessel was four years on the Mediterranean station, and was engaged in some of the most bloody battles, in particular one with the Turkish squadron; and in that and in other battles, these humble followers of the Prince of Peace, despised as

they were, gave the strongest proofs of their valor and their attachment to their king and country. When this vessel arrived in port, and was paid off, and every one rolled in money, and every thing tended to induce them to break their allegiance with the Prince of Peace, they gave the noblest testimony that the work of God on their hearts was divine.

FAMILY DISCIPLINE.

WE often speak of the docility of a child, as the standard of our Christian docility; but the image is to be qualified. We assume an abstraction, not a fact; and argue from ideal childhood—from what a child ought to be, and often appears to be, not from what a child is! Some children have sweet tempers, and sweeter countenances, and still sweeter manners, and most fascinating glee and gambols; and should we argue from those infantile charms of appearance, that the *moral tone of the soul* was equally benign and amiable, we should be brought to a conclusion contradictory to the word of God, and to all moral observation, and moral experiment, and moral evidence.

I have an anecdote in point. It was in the family of a pious minister, who had then a revival in his congregation, that the matter occurred.—“Electra,” said her mother to a little daughter of two and a half years old, playing on

the floor; "bring me that apple, my dear." She looked at her mother, said "No" with indifference, and resumed her play. Her mother rejoined, "Bring me that apple instantly," and was answered, "I wo'nt."

Things now became in earnest; and after several more orders and refusals, the case was resigned to the father, who was present and had observed the scene. With a tone of authority, and yet of benevolence, he reiterated the mandate, "Take that apple to your mother, my child!" Electra arose, went to the place where the apple was, picked up a chip that was near it, returned, threw it into her mother's lap, and was going to her play. Her father, here, took hold of her, brought her near him, expostulated, warned, and then re-ordered her. Her sullenness deepened into silence and malignity—*my will be done*, was her deliberate position. Her father was one of those thorough-going Christian moralists, who believe no better ethics can be made by man than God has made for him in his word, and who carried practice with theory, as well as theory with scripture. He took down the provided *birch* from the top of the old clock, and very dispassionately applied it to the obstinate offender. Electra screamed, and begged, and squirmed, and called for her mother—who first interfered with very *cruel* advocacy, and then, in a flood of tears left the room. Her father forbore, and tried her again. She walked, pouting and sobbing, to the apple, stood still near it, and said, she *could* not pick it up. Her father understood the nature of her inability, and its true relations to accountability. It was *just*

such an one as keeps a sinner from obeying God! Her father paused for some minutes: Electra looked alternately at the apple and at him, pouted, rubbed her eyes, and said again that she could not pick up the apple. Another whipping was the consequence.—Electra screamed louder than ever, begged and *promised*. On this, her father tried her again. She went to the apple, stood still, held her eyes to the floor, said and did nothing. Here some sympathetic spectators, —friends of the family, visiting,—began to plead and apologize for the sufferer, and to insinuate that it was useless and tyrannical to persist. Her father with a look, gave them their answer and his sentiments. He again applied the birch, and *let not his soul spare* for her crying. Her promises were now frequent as the rain-drops of a shower, and yet, fewer than the steady strokes of *enlightened love*, that honored the commandment of God, and subordinated the sympathies of a father to the duties of a Christian. As soon as he had ceased, while his steady carriage had awed the circle into silence, Electra showed herself to have become another creature: she ran to the apple, took it up, and brought it to her father. Her actions spoke her obstinacy gone, her pride subdued, her temper humbled, tender, penitent. Her mother was called. As soon as she entered the apartment—"Electra," said her father, "put this apple where it was on the carpet." Again said he, "Take it up and carry it to your mother." She obeyed with alacrity and tears. "Come here, my daughter," She came. "What a naughty girl was Electra?" "Yes." To the questions, "Are you sorry?"

“Do you love father?” “Will you be good?” “Do father and mother love you?” and others like them, she assented; constantly opening her arms, and raising her lips, for the kiss and caresses of her father.

Her mother then began her *confession*; asked pardon for the improper strength of her feelings, and acknowledged that her love for the child was spurious, in comparison with that of her husband. The others united in the acknowledgment, while Electra's tears were drying, and her sobs diminishing on her father's knee. But the little penitent was really too weak to stand, and too sore to play. She was put upon the couch, where a sweet sleep and gentle applications, soon wrought her complete recovery.

THE FENNEL LEAVES.

THE question is often asked, “At what age can a child obtain correct ideas of a God?” As this question cannot invariably, if ever, be satisfactorily answered by a finite mind, is it too much to believe that while a mother is endeavoring to instruct the little children, and conversing with them about the great God, who made heaven and earth,” that the Holy Spirit will communicate to their infant minds what she so ardently desires they should know and understand? In confirmation of this belief, I will relate an anecdote which occurred in the experience of

Mrs. M., a member of our Maternal Association.

Her little daughter, a child of three years and seven months, on one occasion, when her mother was ill, had permission of an older sister to go into the garden and pick some fennel. The child soon returned with a handful of fennel heads and leaves. The leaves she said she picked from a stalk of dill. Her sister reproved her for telling a falsehood. The child persisted in saying they were *dill* leaves. Her sister immediately led E. to her mother's chamber, and informed her of the child's prevarication. Mrs. M. called her little daughter to her bed-side and questioned her. She still affirmed that they were dill leaves. "My child," said Mrs. M. "we all know that it is not so, and God knows it is not so." She then explained to her the *sin* of lying. E. burst into tears, and confessed the truth. Mrs. M. inquired, why she told that lie. The child replied, "Because I wanted to." Mrs. M. exclaimed, surely, my child now needs the "Great Helper." Mrs. M. rose from her sick bed, and retiring with her child, to a room, where she had been accustomed to go with her children for prayer, told E. she must there ask God to forgive her *great sin*. But when Mrs. M. kneeled, the child would not, saying "*She did not want to go to God,*" and cried very much. Mrs. M. deeply afflicted, arose from her knees, taking the Bible, which lay near her, she felt the need of stronger faith in that promise, "how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." She felt that truly nothing but the Spirit and grace of

God could subdue and cleanse the heart of her little one. She read from the Bible several passages about lying, which she thought the child could understand. To her unspeakable joy, E. came to her, throwing her little arms around her mother's neck. Mrs. M. said, "Does my little daughter wish to ask God to forgive her?" She replied, "Yes."—Both now kneeled. While this mother prayed, her little girl repeated every word after her mother, of her own accord, a thing she had never before attempted. After this, E. appeared calm, but very serious. Three days elapsed without any allusion being made to the circumstance, when E. said, "Mother *I never knew there was a God*, before that day I told a lie." Her mother replied, "My dear, I have often told you there was a God." "I know you have, mother," said E. "but I never *knew* there was a God, before I told that lie."

About a week from this time, her sister desired her to do some work. She immediately complied. Her sister said to her, "Now E. is a good girl." "No," said the child, "I am not a good girl, I am not a good girl, for I have a wicked heart yet."

Who can doubt but that important truths, such as, "thou God seest me," may, under favorable circumstances, not only be made palpable to the understanding of a very little child, but deeply engraven upon the heart?

MATERNAL IRRESOLUTION.

A FEW years since, a lady was left a widow, with several little sons. She loved them most affectionately, as mothers are wont to do. The affliction which she had experienced in the loss of her husband, served to rivet her affections with more intensity upon her children. They were her only hope. Sad and joyless as she was, she could not endure to punish them, or to deprive them of a single indulgence. Unhappy and misguided woman ! Could she expect to escape the consequences of such a course ? She was living upon the delusive hope, that her indulgences would ensure their love. And now one of these sons is seventeen years of age, a stout, and turbulent, and self-willed boy. He is altogether beyond the influence of maternal restraint. He is the tyrant of the family, and his afflicted mother is almost entirely broken-hearted by this accumulation of sorrow. The rest of the children are coming on in the same path. She sees and trembles in view of the calamity, which it is now too late to avert. It would be far happier for her to be childless, as well as a widow. Her children are her oppressors. She is their slave. It is impossible now to retrace her steps, or to retrieve the injury she has done her children and herself. Hardly any situation can be conceived more truly pitiable. And what has caused this magnitude of sorrow ? Simply, the mother's reluctance to do her duty. She looked upon her poor fatherless children with

all the tender emotions of a widowed mother, and could not bear to throw around them necessary restraint, and insist upon obedience to her commands. She well knew that when they were disobedient, they ought to be punished, that it was her duty to enforce her authority. It was not her ignorance, which caused this dreadful wreck of happiness ; it was the want of resolution—that fond, and foolish, and cruel tenderness, which induced her to consult her own feelings, rather than the permanent welfare of her children.

The reader will, perhaps, inquire whether this statement is a true account of a thousand cases over our land. Mothers, we appeal to your observation, if you do not see, every where around you, these wrecks of earthly hopes. Have we not warnings enough to avoid this fatal rock ? and yet it is the testimony of all who have moved about the world, with an observing eye, that this parental irresolution is one of the most prominent causes of domestic affliction.

MY OWN HISTORY.

HAVING within a few months past seen many accounts of pious parents, especially of mothers, instructing their children, and the blessing of God attending such instruction ; whenever I read these accounts, my mind is forcibly struck with the remembrance of my childhood. Although I

am a man of gray hairs, yet I well remember the instruction I received from my mother. She dedicated me, as she believed, to God in baptism; but she did not stop here, as thinking she had no more to do: she was faithful in striving to instil into my mind the first principles of religion.

Here I would mention my apprehensions, that many who seem to set out well, are soon discouraged; not considering, that He that searches the hearts and the reins will prove those who profess to be his. What mother will repent in the end, (I speak in particular of mothers, because they have such favorable opportunities to warn and instruct their children,) if she follows her child, week after week, and year after year, even scores of years, if she at length beholds her child numbered with the followers of the Lamb, and can reflect that even herself was the instrument of leading him to Jesus? God may see fit to prove you, for a long time, and it may be, you may behold the power and mercy of the Lord displayed in the conversion of your child, much sooner than you ever dared to hope.

Among the severely tried, I think my mother was one. As I grew in years, instead of leaving me to think of what she had said, she followed me, as determined not to give me up; till her reproof and instruction became so burdensome to me, that I even dreaded to be found where she could have an opportunity to say anything to me. It was more than eight years after she took me by the hand, in hopes of leading me to her Saviour, before she could see anything in me to encourage her. At length, a sentence from her

lips was an arrow to my heart. I trust I was deeply wounded ; I had no peace. The worm-wood and the gall were very bitter. The sweet waters of life, I had never tasted : they that have no eyes, cannot behold the light. Thus I wandered in darkness, till, as I humbly hope, Jesus opened my eyes ; and then, oh then, the light I discovered, the joy I felt, no mortal knows, but those who have felt the same ! If ever a real change has taken place in me, my mother, in the hands of God, was the instrument. I feel that I have cause to bless God, and if I am one of the redeemed, I shall, through all eternity, bless him that I had a pious mother.

I do not write this for the sake of telling the world my experience, but with an earnest desire, that those who have the care of children, may teach them the fear of the Lord. It has caused me much sorrow of heart, to see some that profess to be friends of Christ, carelessly neglect their children, and leave them to follow in the course of this world, and to drink in the poison, which their natural appetites crave. And I fear that many of these children are hardening themselves in the ways that lead to death ; are going from bad to worse, till the mournful interrogation of the prophet will apply to them : " Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots ? "

Some of you that have the care of children, will say, They are in the hands of God, and if he sees fit to convert them, he will. This does not lessen your obligation to govern and instruct them, to pray for and with them, in the least.

The slothful are ever ready to excuse themselves ; but they that truly fear God, strive to do his will.

A SON LEAVING HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

THERE are but few ordinary incidents in the history of a family more affecting than that in which a son leaves the paternal roof, to seek his fortune in the wide world. When your daughter is married, you feel that she is provided for. She leaves your protection for another protector. She leaves the home of her parents to enter a home of her own. She does not enter into scenes of temptation, but is rather withdrawn from them, as she feels the pressure of domestic care.

With your son it is different ; ardent in feeling, perhaps impetuous in passion, you have felt constant solicitude for his future welfare. The period of his childhood has passed, and the time has arrived in which he must leave his quiet home. He goes to a distant town to engage in study, or in the active employments of life. Withdrawn from the restraints and the holy influences of home, he must meet temptation, and bear hardship. You look around you upon the wrecks of other families. You see the children of other parents ruined. You sit down and endeavor to sum up the number, who have fallen the victim to intemperance, and are degraded

with crime. And your heart sinks within you to see how appalling is the record. It is, however, in vain to think of keeping your son longer at home. He must go out into the world, and seek his fortune. The morning for his departure has arrived. The well-packed trunk is ready, and the family is waiting for the arrival of the stage coach, which is to bear him from your door. No heart can be so unfeeling as not to be crowded with conflicting emotions, in such an hour as this. As your son enters the stage coach, and the rumbling wheels convey him from your sight, oh is it not a relief to be able to return to your closet, and unbosom your burdened feelings before the Lord? If you can thus feel that, by prayer and instruction, you have endeavored to fortify the mind of your child against temptation, you can have a peace, which no other reflection can afford. Oh how manifestly is it the power of religion, which is demanded in such an hour as this? It is the influence of religion, which alone can strengthen that son for the temptations he must meet. And it is religion alone, which can speak peace to parental solicitude.

A son leaves home virtuous, and resolved so to remain. He is, however, in his new situation thrown into the society of unprincipled young men. He must hear their conversations. He must become acquainted with their habits; and he must adopt their customs, or brave their opposition, and bear their ridicule. It requires no ordinary degree of decision of character for a young man to stand firm, and hold his ground, against a current so strong. He yields, step by step. He indulges first in trifling sins. Con-

science becomes gradually seared. Soon he grasps the wine cup, as greedily as any one, and his voice joins in the chorus of the boisterous song. The sad tidings soon finds its way to his parents' ears, and they learn, when it is too late, that their son is lost.

How many widowed mothers are there now weeping disconsolate. How many sorrowful fathers, mourning over a dissolute child. The parents hoped that native virtue would afford sufficient strength to pass safely through these exposures. They neglected to inculcate principles of piety, and to fortify their child's mind with faith and prayer. And behold the result! a result which might have been anticipated, if these parents would learn a lesson from the experience of thousands, who, in a similar way, have had their hopes disappointed. Oh when will the world learn that to love God is the way to be happy; that there is no means of promoting real enjoyment but by obeying the word of God? Why will men continue so madly to expose themselves to the ruin of every hope, when the loud voice of God, and the voice of all experience warn them of their danger. Do but look at the world, and learn wisdom. There is absolutely no safety, but in coming to God, and making a surrender of heart and family to him.

Let your son leave your roof a Christian; let him go forth a disciple of Jesus, with faith in the promises of God, and with prayerful dependence upon his strength, and he has deep-rooted principle to meet every emergency. You need have but little to fear, but that he will retain his integrity. He will rise in usefulness and respect. In

his conduct, he will reflect honor upon you ; and in your old age, joy will beam upon your heart, as in him you live your life over again. But should he die, and leave you childless, to go down the vale of years, you are by no means comfortless. Faith traces the path of your child to brighter worlds. You see him an inhabitant of eternity, with the robe of a Saviour's righteousness, with the crown of redemption, with the harp, vibrating in harmony with the angels' song.

A MOTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

Oh ! if there be linked with the gloom of existence
One feeling that deepens the darkness it wears,
'Tis a fond mother's fear, that foresees, in the distance,
Her infant sent forth to the world and its snares.

Shall that face, a sweet well-spring of smiles, soon be saddened ;
Those weak trembling hands be uplifted to sin ?
Shall the heart which scarce heaves on her bosom be maddened
By pain from without, or by passion within ?

In that hour, when her form is forgotten who bore him,
And the arm that first clasped him lies cold in the grave,
Her spirit may hover in tenderness o'er him,
And see him alas ! but not warn him, nor save !

Is there none, then, to care for the desolate stranger,
Who goes, all unheeding, unarmed, on his way ;
No Spirit of might, to walk near him in danger,
And scatter the fiends that would make him their prey ?

Oh, yes ! there is One, and beside Him no other !
The Redeemer, the ruler, whose throne is on high !
From the glories of heaven He beholds the sad mother ;
Mid the songs of the angels He catches thy sigh.

Go, take thy sweet babe, and to Jesus confide him ;
He has dwelt in our flesh, he can feel for our fears !
Take this lamb to the Shepherd, who safely shall guide him
Through the desert of perils, the valley of tears.

A COMMON CHANGE.

A RESPECTABLE widow lady, with a very small income, which she was obliged to eke out by the produce of her own industry and ingenuity, was remarkable for her liberality, especially in contributing to the cause of religion. When any work of pious benevolence was going forward, her minister hesitated to call on her, lest her liberal spirit should prompt her to contribute beyond her ability ; but she was always sure to find out what was in hand, and voluntarily to offer a donation equal to those of persons in comparative affluence, accompanied by a gentle rebuke to her minister, for having passed her by. In process of time, this lady came into the possession of an ample fortune, greatly to the joy of all who knew her willing liberality. But it was with no small degree of regret that her minister observed, she no longer came forward unsolicited to contribute towards the good cause, and that, when applied to, she yielded her aid but coldly and grudgingly, and sometimes excused herself from giving at all. On one occasion, she presented a *shilling* to the same cause, to which she had formerly given a *guinea*, when in a state of comparative poverty. The minister felt it his duty to expostulate with her, and remind her of her former generosity, when her means were so circumscribed. " Ah ! sir," she affectingly replied, " then, I had the *shilling* means, but the *guinea* heart ; now, I have the *guinea* means, but only the *shilling* heart. Then, I received

from my heavenly Father's hand, day by day, my daily bread, and I had enough and to spare; now, I have to look to my ample income; but I live in constant apprehension that I may come to want!" Can any reader be at a loss to decide which was the time of her *poverty*, and which of her *riches*?

FUTURE DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.

Who knows not that the men who are at this time set for the defence of the gospel—who are from Sabbath to Sabbath declaring the glad tidings of salvation from the pulpits of the land, were, some forty or fifty years ago, under the special guardianship of their mothers? About that time, they were in training; what of moral or religious influence was brought to bear upon them in the nursery, was there in exercise. The mothers who commenced that influence, and carried it forward—who taught their little knees to bend in adoration before God, and their lips to offer prayers to HIM, are, perhaps, no more. But their sons of many vows, consecrated to God, may be, from their very birth, dedicated in a thousand prayers, and by a thousand tears; those sons still live, and are, at this present time, stationed here and there, on the walls and ramparts of the spiritual Jerusalem, and are contending "earnestly for the faith once delivered to

the saints." We see these every day ; we know them ; we hear them ; and by means of their holy warfare, how in check is the enemy kept ! Nay, through the blessing of God upon their labors, how strong are the walls of Zion becoming ! What enlistments to the gospel standard ! What accessions of spiritual territory to "virtue's cause !" Be it remembered, that a portion of these heart-thrilling results, are, under God, to be traced back directly to the prayers and tears, to the counsels, the watchings, the pleadings of a generation of mothers, who lived some forty or fifty years ago.

And requires it the gift of prophecy to foresee that precisely the same will be true, some forty or fifty years hence, in respect to the children of the present day, if mothers are similarly faithful ? Years will roll along, and will add to the stature of infants now in their nurse's laps. Youth will pass by, and manhood will arrive. The day of action will come. Those who now occupy the watchtowers of the land, and their immediate successors, will be laid aside, and these infants will take their place ; and upon them it will depend, under God, whether the present 'vantage ground be maintained or lost ; whether the banner of the Gospel shall wave broader and longer ; whether the present anticipations of the children of God, in respect to the latter day glory of the church, shall be realized ; and finally, whether upon the mountains of Zion, the tabernacles of joy, shall be reared, and the pious pilgrim shall then sing, as he sings now,—

How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,

Come, let us seek our God to day !
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We'll haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay ;—

or, whether a spiritual night shall encompass the world, and the progress of the gospel be stayed, and the impenitent and the heathen grope on unenlightened and bewildered.

With such thoughts crowding in upon me, I wander in imagination round the land. I knock at one habitation and another. I enter ; I look around upon the family circle. I seem to approach a mother. “ Madam,” I say, “ you are a mother. I see, clustering about you, several bright and promising children ; allow me to inquire whether you know whom you have in charge ? *That* little girl, properly trained, may become another Harriet Newell, and *that* a Mrs. Graham, or a Mrs. Judson. Has this ever occurred to you ? And, impressed with the conviction that your children may be moulded much as you like, what, permit me to ask, are you doing for them ? Are they training for some such noble destiny ? Are you daily at the throne of grace for them ? Are you teaching them by precept and example to accomplish that amount of good, which God may put in their power ? And, more than this—are you imparting to them lessons about immortality ; drawing for them, and with the holy intent that they shall exercise all their proper influence upon them, *pictures* of the graces of the Gospel, in all their loveliness ? Do you tell of a brighter, holier, lovelier world than this, and, pointing to it, do yourself lead the way ?”

I enter another dwelling, I see a mother and her darling boy. What a delightful sight! What maternal tenderness! How at "nature's bidding" she bends over him, while he revels at the pure fountain provided for him! How he turns his glistening eye, and exults in a mother's smiles and caresses! How fondling she! How proudly shows her *boy*.

"Madam," I again say, "are you aware whom you may be holding in your arms? That boy may become a bold, decided champion of the cross; he may prove an Edwards, a Chalmers, a Swartz, an Eliot, or a Martyn; he may stand in some future breach made in the walls of Zion; he may occupy some theological chair; may become some mighty spiritual messenger in some foreign land; may urge forward, by a power and a success greater than I can name, the promised glories of the church of Christ."

Methinks I hear her say, "Sir, you surprise me. What am I, or what is my father's house, that a child of mine should be destined to accomplish such wonders as these? No, no; the true prophetic spirit rests not upon you; it is the flattery of a deceiver; or the wild anticipations of an enthusiast."

"Madam, will you listen to me? I claim not the gift of prophecy. The future destiny of your child is indeed in the hands of God, and the manner in which he will employ him he has disclosed neither to myself, nor to any one. But tell me, why are you a mother? Who gave you the felicity of being the parent of that boy? Whose property is that child? Who confided him to your care? And for what purpose have

you the keeping of him? Go, madam, and peruse your Bible; there read your duty—there read your encouragement; ‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ Following that one *simple* direction of God, tell me, who can disclose the consequences? Suppose you do as you may, in respect to that boy; suppose you are faithful to him; suppose you early instruct him; tell him of God and of divine things, as his mind expands; suppose you accompany your instructions with *daily, fervent, IMPORTUNATE* prayer to God in his behalf—you are *sincere, faithful, PERSEVERING*; tell me, what may you not expect? You may indeed fail of seeing your child gathering in the honors of an unholy ambition, and probably you will; and possibly God may not require his assistance in the great work of urging forward the kingdom of the Redeemer; but one point is *nearly* sure; that child, under such faithful training, will ultimately become a follower of Christ; a decided child of God. Not, perhaps, while you live; may be, not for years after you shall have gone to the grave. But come the period will. Do I speak too strongly? Well then, that day will *probably* come, when, under the promptings of the early counsels of a mother, pressed home by the Spirit of God, he will come to repentance and salvation. For,

Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive our hope.

“Thus the repentance and eternal joy of your child will be secured. And this in prospect will

gladden your heart, amidst all the reverses which may come upon you in life; this will comfort you, when you lie down and think of the storm and the tempest which may be beating upon some ship, which wafts your child, in future years, on some distant ocean. 'This will help to relieve even the shadows of death, should you be called to walk through them before he has turned unto God.

"But more than this. Train this child in the manner suggested, and who can say that he may not be employed in the mighty movements of the approaching golden age of the Christian Church? The foundation will be laid for this; and God will use him if he pleases."

In view of consequences so solemn, so delightful, and even so probable, will not mothers enter upon the noble labors assigned them? Can they longer neglect the blessings which they may insure to their offspring? Can they resist the tremendous responsibility which is pressing upon them? Have they no fear of God? Have they no love for Jesus? Have they no regard for souls? Would they impede the movements of modern times? Would they cause even a moment's check to the triumphs of the cross, or put to hazard a crown of glory, in respect to a single son or daughter of Adam?





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